THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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TURMOIL IN IRELAND.

The Courthouse in Cork Burned to the Ground During a Political Trial.

Associated Press Accounts of Affairs in the Emerald Isle—Lively Proceedings.

[*Press Dispatches.*]

COURTHOUSE BURNED.

CORK, March 27.—The trial of Michael O'Brien Dalton was suddenly postponed today by the burning of the courthouse in which the hearing was being held. The courthouse was crowded when the fire was discovered and considerable excitement prevailed. The coolness of the judge prevented a panic and no one was injured. Despite all efforts to extinguish the fire the flames spread rapidly and the building was soon all ablaze. The courthouse, including the municipal council chamber and the city and county offices, was totally destroyed. The intense heat melted the lead on the roof of the building, and the molten metal poured to the ground in streams, hindering the work of the firemen. During the height of the fire the roof of the courthouse suddenly fell in with a crash and the walls collapsed, to the imminent peril of a large number of bystanders who had ventured dangerously near to the burning building. Some of the archives were saved, but many documents, some of them dating back for centuries, were destroyed. When the flagstaff which surmounted the building was burned away and the union jack fell into the flames the onlookers set up a great cheer. The cause of the fire is attributed to a defective flue, which ignited the woodwork of the roof. The trial which was so disturbed will be resumed at a later date.

DUBLIN, March 28.—During the day affairs political have taken a lively aspect at Sligo. A procession of voters started from Ballina this morning for Sligo on cars. Parnell went out in the afternoon to meet the procession. At 2 o'clock he re-entered the town at the head of nearly a thousand voters preceded by two bands playing inspiriting airs and proceeded to to the town hall amid boisterous cheers and not a few groans. At the town hall the crowd stopped and several rowdies, evidently opposed to Parnell, tried to create a disturbance by striking some of the paraders' horses on the head with sticks. The fellows were driven away by the paraders, who used their ash sticks with great effect. Meantime the county contingent was filing into the hall, which is approached by a steep flight of steps. These steps were densely crowded when a sudden rush was made by a gang of toughs, who managed to make their way to the top of the steps before they were recognized as McCarthyites. In an instant there was an uproar and the sticks were plied back and forth with great rapidity and vigor. The shuffle was ended by the intruders being hurled bodily from the top of the steps on the heads of the crowd below.

When this scrimmage was ended the police rushed forward and made an avenue from the entrance of the building to the road. The meeting then commenced. Michael Davitt was met by Sexton, Sheehy, Vezey, Knox, and Maurice Healy, who acted as bodyguard and escorted him into the town while the Parnell meeting was in progress at the town hall. Following after them came a crowd of a hundred or more men, led and encouraged by a number of priests, and armed with sticks. A band was waiting for the Davitt contingent, and joining it the entire party passed the street to the market place, where Mr. Sexton made an address to the people.

The meeting at the town hall was most enthusiastic. Mr. Parnell was cheered again and again. He referred in the course of his speech to the attacks that had been made upon him, alluding to Timothy Healy as "a foul-mouthed scoundrel." He stated that he was satisfied that he had the support of the people in the Sligo struggle. Col. Nolan, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Nolan, M.P., also addressed the meeting. At the McCarthyite meeting Mr. Sexton declared that Mr. Parnell had no policy and that they would have been recreants to the cause of Ireland had they not supported Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party, which had promised to grant home rule. Michael Davitt said that he agreed with Mr. Sexton.

Mr. Parnell described "a cowardly attack" which had been made on him by a townsman named McHugh, who, Mr. Parnell claimed, had threatened to swab the streets with his body." The remainder of the speech was a mass of denunciation of the seceders from his ranks.

On returning to his hotel Mr. Parnell made an attempt to deliver a speech from one of the windows, but was compelled to desist owing to the hooting and yelling of a body of McCarthyites, who drowned the speaker's voice.

Before leaving London Mr. Davitt expressed his conviction that if there is any further violence in the conflict in Ireland home rule will be ruined beyond all redemption. Davitt's principal object in going to Sligo is to preach moderation in language and the dropping of the policy adopted by both sides of disturbing their opponents' meetings It is doubtful whether Davitt will succeed in his object for the state of partisan feeling between the two sections is far bitterer than ever was that between Nationalist and Orangeman. The priests are chiefly responsible for this in Sligo, since they are prime movers in daily disturbances The information cabled the Chicago *Tribune* three weeks ago about the alarm with which the Pope views the struggle in Ireland in its probable effect upon the influence of the church is confirmed by the Rome correspondents of the leading English papers. Archbishop Walsh has been questioned by the Pope, who believes the church will be weakened in Ireland if the clergy continue to commit themselves irrevocably as they are now doing to one section of the Catholic population The Pope is, at the same time, most anxious to see Parnell overthrown in favor of a united Catholic party in which the bishops will hold the reins, but from what the Pope has heard of the Catholicism of the anti Parnellite party (McCarthy himself being an avowed agnostic) he fears they are only availing themselves of the clergy to fight Parnell. If they succeed in that they will free themselves from clerical influence. These views have been formally laid before the Vatican by the three Irish bishops, O'Dwyer, Healy, and Coffey, who refuse to take part in the present fight. The mission of McCarthyites has been succinctly stated by a leading Racical to be: First, to crush Parnell by every means; secondly, to disproved the charge that they are in hand with the priests. It will be found that the Vatican aspect of the fight will develop in importance very shortly. A private meeting of the National League in Great Britain was called for Good Friday under the chairmanship of T.P O'Connor to arrange for a convention of all branches at which the organization is to be purged of its Parnellite members and the League re christened the Irish National Federation. As a quorum could not be raised, the meeting was adjournod until next Tuesday.

The receipts from the whole organization, since the Irish split, have fallen off more than one half. Parnell claims he has the allegiance of all the old working members who formed the League while McCarthy's following is almost wholly made up of those who joined since Gladstone adopted home rule.

The trial at Cork of Michael O'Brien Dalton and the others charged with rioting and assaulting the police at the time of the trial of Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon in Tipperary, and was interrupted yesterday while Justice Monroe was summing up by the discovery that the courthouse was on fire, was resumed this morning in the School of Art. The judge concluded his summing up and the case was given to the jury, who after a short deliberation returned and announced that they were useable to agree on a verdict in the cases of Mr. Dalton and McGill, but rendered a verdict of "not guilty" as to the other prisoners.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

Interesting Statistics.

The annual report of the registrar general upon the emigration statistics of Ireland for the year 1890 has been presented to parliament. The total number of emigrants for the year was 61,313, of whom 31,361 were men and 29,952 were women. A classification of the ages is instructive: 209 males and 212 females were under 1 year; 1,102 males and 961 females were between 1 and 5 years; 1,941 males and 990 females were between 5 and 10 years; 835 males and 910 females were between 10 and 15 years; 4,680 males and 8,341 females were between 15 and 20 years; 13,508 males and 10,994 females were between 20 and 25 years; 4,996 males and 3,288 females were between 25 and 30 years; 1,592 males and 746 females were between 30 and 35 years; 839 males and 746 females were between 35 and 40 years; 515 males and 613 females were between 40 and 45 years; 437 males and 390 females were between 45 and 50 years; 184 males and 173 females were over 60 years. The following tables show the figures for the provinces:

LEINSTER	
Single males	5 129
Married "	646
Single females	3 744
Married "	896
Total	10,415

MUNSTER.	
Single males	10 929
Married "	1,253
Single females	9 504
Married "	1 868
Total	23 654

CONNACHT.	
Single males	5 541
Married "	541
Single females	6 155
Married "	830
Total	13 067

ULSTER.	
Single males	6 368
Married "	954
Single females	3 908
Married "	1,147
Total	14,277

TOTAL EMIGRATION.	
Total single men	27,987*
" married men	3,394
Total single females	25 211
" married females	4,741
Total emigration	61,313

The number of emigrants per thousand of the population for the different provinces was:

Leinster	8.1
Munster	17.7
Connacht	15.9
Ulster	8.2
Average for Ireland	11.8

[*Thus, in one year, Ireland has lost more than 20,000 fighting men—almost the total of the British army proper which fought at Waterloo.—ED.]

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PARNELL IN GALWAY.

He Delivers an Extraordinarily Able Speech in Defense of His Position.

During His Long Career in Parliament He has Never Made it a Policy to Truckle to the English.

[*Dublin Freeman, March 16.*]

The hearty, earnest and enthusiastic reception which was accorded to Mr. Parnell in Galway on Sunday, March 15, disposes of one more of the figments which the seceders tried to persuade the people to believe. By every possible means in their power rumors were circulated of the hostile reception which was awaiting the Irish leader in Galway, and no effort was spared to try and whip on opposition to him. Even the children in the schools were visited and warned against the dangers which would befall them if they listened for a moment to the words of Mr. Parnell and his friends. Yet in no place in Ireland has there been an equal amount of earnestness shown to that which the capital of the great county of Galway displayed, when from every part of it there came men to show their faith in the cause of an independent Irish party, and to disclaim the utterances of those who wished to speak with bated breath and whispering humbleness in the presence of an English opposition. Galway asserted the right of the people to judge for themselves, and in no hesitating, half-hearted way did the county make its wishes manifest.

At the meeting Mr. Ashe introduced the same resolution that was proposed last November at the Temperance Hall the day they had a great convention of the whole county of Galway to support the tenants who had been evicted under the Plan of Campaign. At that time all was known about Mr. Parnell that is known now, yet this resolution, which was brought down from Dublin by Sir Thomas Esmonde, was carried without a word of dissent:

"Resolved, That we desire to place on record the expression of our fullest confidence in the honesty and sagacity of Mr. Parnell and the members of the Irish party; that we heartily endorse the resolutions passed by the Irish members at their recent meeting in Dublin, and that we heartily pledge ourselves to carry out the suggestions and act on the advice contained in these resolutions."

The chairman put the resolution to the meeting, calling for a show of hands. A unanimous display of hands followed. Then caps and hats were elevated into the air, and waved frantically amid resounding cheers. The chairman called for those of the opposite opinion to make a display, but there was not a solitary sign. He then pronounced the motion carried by ten thousand votes to nothing.

Mr. Parnell, who received an enthusiastic welcome, said:

"Men of the county and city of Galway, I thank you. assembled as you are in the largest and most enthusiastic meeting, not excepting that held in 1880, which I have ever witnessed in this city of Galway, I thank you, I say, for this unanimous resolution of confidence in myself (applause) and of reproach to the seceders (groans) You are not going to turn your backs upon your pledges (cries of "Never"), and to eat your words while they are still fresh from your mouths, like those recreant members for the city and county of Galway (groans). No, you men of Galway know the road to take, and know your own minds, and knowing it, you will stand by it (applause). My friends, we are now again, as in 1880, at the commencement of a new and great struggle, and I am as confident as I was then that the result will be at least of equal benefit to Ireland (loud cheers). Was it not better, was it not fortunate, that the rotten limbs in our movement were discovered in time (cheers)? Was it not happy for Ireland that the insidious attempts of whiggery to put the fetters around your limbs once more were made plain and evident to every comprehension before they had enmeshed you (cheers). I don't say that Mr. Gladstone (groans) acted in collusion with whiggery, or intended to act in collusion with whiggery when he wrote that letter, but that letter was the signal for everything that is weak and rotten in Irish public life to come to the front and to attempt to form a conspiracy against the future national life of Ireland. You have taken that conspiracy by the throat and you will strangle it in your strong grasp, and this time it will not be a scotched snake but it will be a dead one (loud cheers). It was very well, I am sure that it was very well, that we had an opportunity of clearing the decks and of seeing who was true to Ireland and who was merely trading and attempting to batten on the splendid national spirit of the country (loud cheers). When I came here in 1879, nearly my first visit to Galway, I asked that Mr. Davitt might be allowed to accompany me (some groans, and cries of "No, no"). But I was told then by the same influences that now seek to prevent me obtaining a hearing in Galway, that Davitt was a felon and a jail bird and he should not be heard in Galway.

A Voice—That is true.

Mr. Parnell—That was the position that was taken up in 1879 by the same men who are using hard language and hard words against myself; and I say that just as I stood by Michael Davitt in those days upon the platform in that square yonder, and asserted his right to freedom of speech and to participate in the public life of Ireland, and said that the time had come when bishop and political prisoner, priest and peasant, should work together for the cause of Ireland (applause), so I can look back upon every action which I have taken in my public life from that day to this. I can claim that I have never ceased to fight hard for the people and for my comrades, and I have never harbored any thought of betraying our nation or betraying my colleagues in this fight, and that if a traitorous thought has come into anybody's heart it has never entered into mine (applause). Now, fellow countrymen, let me say this. There are many reasons for which it is sought to drive me from your service and to hound me out of public life (cries of "Never").

A Voice—As long as Galway is Galway they never will (cheers).

Mr. Parnell—And the men who are doing this have not one of them given the true reasons, and they never will give the true reasons, because the true reasons are so discreditable to them that if they were known and recognized an indignant Ireland would refuse them permission to put a foot within her coasts again (cheers). What are those reasons? Some of these are English reasons, because I was not obedient to the radicals who sought to prevent light railways from being made and English money spent in the west of Ireland (cheers). Why should we not have English money spent in the west of Ireland? Is it not our own money (hear, hear)? Have they not been taxing us £3 for £1 we ought to pay for the union? And if they give us back a million or so of money this year, is it not a very small return for the millions they have robbed us of in the ninety years past (cheers)? All these radicals and liberals have always known how to plunder us properly. Who was it who first found out the way to skin the Irish people by taxation? It was Gladstone himself (groans). Who was it who in his bill of 1886 produced and proposed a financial scheme against which we unavailingly protested, and which would have crushed us to the earth and perpetuated our poverty (hear, hear)? How much was it that we were to pay to the empire as our contribution from wretched and impoverished Ireland? We were to pay four and a half millions a year out of our poverty. We were to pay another million for the maintenance of the constabulary (groans), which force we were not to control. That five and a half millions would have been a crushing impost upon us. It would have utterly prevented us from spending money upon those public works which are so urgently necessary for the employment of our poor people and the development of our resources. And when the solution comes I say that the least the rich English nation could do for us in return for the money that has been robbed from us annually since the union, would be to allow us to go without any contribution to the imperial exchequer for at least twenty years after the establishment of an Irish parliament (applause). That would be some repayment to us for all the sums that have been dragged from Ireland by England over and above her capacity for payment, that would be showing some knowledge of the problem that is before us, a problem which, without money to spend in Ireland upon the development of our resources, would be a heartbreaking one, and one which would be doomed to failure from its very inception (hear, hear). Now, my friends, I will tell you another thing. I have never been one to mix among the English members of the house of commons to be "hail fellow well met with them," or to go to their clubs or dinner parties (hear, hear). During the whole of my sixteen years of public life I have never been inside an English club six times; during that period of service I have never dined out in London half a dozen times. I have spent my days and my nights until my health broke down, when I had nobody to help me but honest Joe Biggar (applause); and it was not until 1887—the beginning of 1887—when my strength left me, and I was not able to put one foot before the other, that I ever failed in my duty to your interests by night or by day in that imperial assembly (cheers), and it is monstrous for these raw recruits who came in at the general election of 1885, who have never been under fire, and who have not even the knowledge or the common sense which belongs to their position—it is monstrous for them to throw in my teeth that I, who have lost my strength and my health in the service of Ireland, should be taunted by them who have never lost anything, but who have gained much—should be taunted by these mushrooms of yesterday (hear, hear), be cause on some half dozen occasions sickness prevented me from taking my post on the floor of the house of commons. Now, fellow countrymen, I have to say this: That I am convinced from the aspect of this meeting that I have addressed throughout Ireland, that the heart of nine-tenths of the National forces is with us (cheers), that we have only to fight over again the rotten Whigs who were creeping into our arms. We have to fight the Whigs who at Athlone in 1853 returned Judge Keogh (groans). We have to fight men who packed the juries and who composed the juries, who convicted the brave men of 1865 and 1867 (applause).

A Voice—A cheer for the Hillside men (cheers).

Mr. Parnell—We have to fight the men that we fought at the general election of 1880, and whom we beat at the general eletcion of 1880; whom we drove out of public life at the general election of 1885, and who not until then, after we had won, came crawling to us to beg that we would receive them back again (hear, hear). It is fortunate, as I said at the beginning, that these men have shown that the nature of the snake is in them Still they have shown what they intended if they could have got the upper hand. It will be for the Irish people, for all that is courageous, patriotic and brave in our ranks, to see that those men never again get the opportunity of betraying the cause of our country (loud cheers).

Everybody knows that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

ASTRIDE THE SHANNON.

So Stands the Historic Town of Athlone, the Key to the Possession of Ireland.

How the Old Bridge, upon Which Sergeant Costume and His Men Died in 1690, Was Carted Off to Dublin.

By walking along the high sandhill above Irishtown, by the beautiful new convent of Auker's Bower, we have a wide view of the country; we look far away by the Shannon to Clonmacnoise; in the distance are the varied forms of hill and mountain overtopped by the Fairy Mount of Knockshegowna, in Tipperary, the home of Spenser's Faierie Queen, close to us—a long line of houses, spires, and trees, high over the river—Athlone runs north and south for nearly two miles; behind, the rich, undulating country, studded with trees and lawns, domains and pastures, looks as if inviting us to pleasant walks; even the bog Tocher—road through a bog or marsh—seems beckoning, and promising a charming excursion through the gold-brown bog, and away towards the cottages and farms where we should find old-fashioned manners and many a primitive custom still holding ground among the most hospitable and warm-hearted of people. Or we can saunter back by the callows to the town, taking note of the fine fall of water over the eel-weir, where quantities of eels are annually taken, making a good revenue for the owner of the fishery. There is some employment given in the town to netmakers, but the greater number are made by Galway women. These nets cost 10s each, and are of a very beautiful and curious make, one part forming a cage for the fish.

There is also a considerable trade done in boat-building here on the quays and about a mile up the Shannon, at a peninsula called

BRICK ISLAND;

a great many boats are built for other parts of Ireland as well as for Athlone, where there is better boating kept up, both by civilians and military, than I have seen in any other place. The Shannon is constantly enlivened by numbers of sail and row boats which for ever ply up and down between the town and Lough Ree.

I suppose the great saw-mills over on the Connaught side of the river must be mentioned, for these mills give employment to a large number of the townspeople. But I own to a grudge against them, for, from want of any legislative care for the little wood left in the country, these saw mills and box and match factories are doing incalculable injury to the land. In the reign of James I., his majesty kindly leased the forests, that then covered vast tracts, to English companies for a period of twenty-one years, during which time nearly all the valuable woods of Western Ireland were shipped away. It is once again pretty much the same, and it is melancholy to see whole tracts of timber marked with the cross that means destruction; even where a man has but a border of trees on his land I have seen them so marked about Athlone. At least some movement should be made to compel both owners and tenants to plant a young sapling wherever a tree is cut down, for if something be not done all the beauty of our scenery will quickly vanish.

One with a love both of trees and of humanity feels more drawn towards a visit to the Athlone woollen mills, where 400 hands are employed, mostly female labor. The wages here are on a somewhat higher scale than in the north, at the same time is some little complaint that, where there is at least no lower scale of intelligence among the working class, a great number of the best paid operatives are brought from Belfast. One very good thing is that at the Athlone woollen mills no little children are employed, even as half-timers; another is that it is all home grown wool that is used in the manufacture of the great quantity of yarns and tweeds turned out of this factory, where we can see every process the wool goes through—carding, fining, dyeing, spinning, reeling, stocking-making—up to the weaving of those durable tweeds that have won such a high name for Irish woollen goods. Fourteen thousand yards of these tweeds are sent out each week, and we can form some idea of how small a profit on labor and capital suffices, in a large business to make

A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE,

if, after all outlay, the proprietor of the mills can clear one penny per yard on his 14 000 yards of cloth, from that alone he will have £3,033 6s 8d per year. So one would think that large employers need not be so chary of giving to industrious employes a little more time to live, apart from mere existence, even if one farthing per penny had to come off the gains; and if the laborers had even so much leisure as would be worth turning to some good use for themselves, the whole community would profit by the social and moral improvement of this very large class of our people.

The Athlone factory stands upon the ground between what was formerly a little harbor and the north gate of the town, and I wish I could make my readers hear an old Athlonian's graphic description of the town as it was fifty years ago, in his early youth. Mr. H—— has traveled far and wide, but nowhere could he feel the same home rest as in the place of his birth. His love for the old town, its memories and its history, is touching, and it makes one an enthusiastic Athlonian for the time to listen as he tells its stories of bygone days; to watch his eyes light up and hear his voice grow soft, as he dwells with a tender touch over boyhood's scenes, or deepen with passion as he relates—and well too—the gallant fates of the defenders of town and bridge, or the sufferings of the Irish in those terrible wars. He bears such an English name that, seeing his love for Ireland, I could not resist asking if he had had an Irish mother. "Oh! Lord—yes. Oh! surely, surely; an Irish mother, and an Irish grandmother, and all their love for the land is in my heart. Love! I have often wondered in my own mind over the diference of the Irishman's attachment to country and that of other nations For, mind you, I have had the opportunity of studying the people of many lands—out in America and Australia, in England and Belgium and France. It was when I was in Australia I met with an incident that set me thinking that over deeply. It was so affecting There was a lady living there—she was from Kilkenny—and some of her relations at home sent her out a little box of lilies of the valley preserved in

IRISH EARTH.

Well, when the people around heard of that box of clay, they came in crowds, begging the smallest bit to have it blessed, that they might keep it and have it put in their coffins when they died! The lady was a Protestant, but she understood and sympathized with the feelings of those poor, home-sick exiles, and she treasured every bit of the clay, to the last grain, that she might give that little consolation to as many as possible of her Catholic fellow-countrymen. It is so with all of us when far away; in our minds we are forever looking at the soft skies, the emerald fields, the yellow furze, the purple mountains, the clear rivers at home; we only look at the beautiful birds of those distant lands, to miss the songs of the Irish lark of a dewy morning, or of the thrush in the evening air; and then we fancy we feel the warm grasp of the hand, and hear the hearty Irish voice, that there is no other voice like it in all the world, it comes so straight from the heart; and so, as soon as we can earn enough, home we come—and here we are. Now, you'll never find those who have remained always at home, seeing the places change little by little around them—these that have never felt their heart strings torn with sickness for a sight of the early scenes—you'll never see those going about, groping in and out and up and down after every old turn and twist of the place, as you see a man like me, hunting out the spots where he played as a boy; fretting over the very improvements of the neighborhood, just because he misses what was a cherished picture in his mind when far away. Sitting lonely, maybe away in the forest or the Australian bush, he used to go over and over the very houses he passed, a boy on his way to school. Or, if he had married out there, why then he had told over every stone and tree and man and woman he had known in his childhood to the wife and children that had never seen them; and when he comes back at last, he is bitter to find so much as a new gate put to the paddock in place of the old one he had promised to swing his little girl on, as he had swung when a child himself. There it is. And there is what—or something like it—has made me study the history and the old ways of Athlone, and makes me love to talk of it as it was in my own boyhood. Aye. That was

BEFORE THE FAMINE

and the emigration, and it was a prosperous town indeed. It is handsome now, I admit, in parts. It is the very same about the Mary Dyke and the Bawn, but it was prettier at St. Mary's when the green bank and the trees came out farther into the street Then you came to the Market square, now Victoria place. That was cramped for space on account of the Tholsel and the houses that then ran all across where there is now a fine open. But they spoilt Northgate street when they took down the beautiful north gate, forty years ago, and sold the stones to Butt Hughes for £3—yes, indeed! Dear, dear! How well I remember it all!

"There's where Boswell's brewery stood in the reign of George III., and there—outside the town hall and the gas-house, was a harbor; it was called by the homely name of 'Stiraboat Harbor,' because all the farmers from Longford came there in their boats with meal, and the meal-mongers of the town used to go there to buy it from them. A pretty spot it was; often I went there, a child, to sail my little boats. There where the shaft of the gas-house rises, a gallows stood in the days of the Ribbonmen, and three of them, Nangle, Dillon and Murray, were hanged together. It was easy to get hanged in those days.

"Ah! Athlone was a comfortable, thriving town in my boyhood. How well I can see these spots on what was something like a fair day then, or what a sight it was at the time of the great January fair. The throngs in every street and lane—for, remember, there were 11 000 inhabitants then in the town—and the great concourse of people from all the neighboring counties besides, with horses and cars and cattle (we had no fair green, all buying and selling went on in the streets), all one crowded, living mass here, where the Tholsel stood and a row of houses three stories high Then, picture to yourself the sight it was when the mail-coach, with its four fine horses and guard in scarlet and gold was to start from the Inn,

'THE SWAN WITH THREE NECKS,'

that stood just over where that draper's shop is now. Down the incline the coach swept—the people flying right and left—down, this narrow old street, Bridge street, that was then just as now; then it came to the bridge—and what a sight! There you had the old bridge—the old one, repaired after the sieges. It was a narrow bridge, only twelve feet wide, but 120 yards across the Shannon; without footway, only recesses at each side in the centre into which a few people could withdraw in ordinary times to allow cars or the coach to pass, but now—with the throngs going from Leinster to Connaught and from Connaught to Leinster—people, horses, pigs, cows, one tangled, struggling mass, and on comes the coach, its horses half mad with the noise and the delay—no getting across that narrow bridge, till actually the guard has to dismount, run across the parapet to the castle, and there the soldiers have to turn out to clear a passage—and then straight across the bridge the horses dash, through that opening beyond (you just see the turn across the river), and sweep up the steep, narrow High street. The new bridge is a very great improvement, but still—ah! the story of that old bridge should have at least made us cling to its very stones and not let us part with them; but they were carted away to Dublin, and now lie in the cellars of the Royal Irish Academy.

"Our old bridge—I will tell its history when I have described it. This square abutment beside the river is the very abutment from which the bridge sprang across the Shannon. I have heard different translations, by the way, the word Shannon, but it seems to me that that which I read in Story's 'History of the Wars of Ireland' is about the best. He appears to have inquired into our Irish names and their meanings, and he was told, two hundred years ago, that the name Shannon is derived from *sean*—old, and *aun* or *amn*, a river; the old river.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

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THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE STORM.

Without delay Tone reported himself to Hardy.

Thenceforward his time was fully taken up in aiding his chief in the details of the expedition, acting constantly as the general's secretary. It was only then he began to see some of the difficulties in connection with the fitting out of an armed force of the kind.

So many things had to be arranged, so many matters to be provided for. There was the selection of the regiments best fitted for irregular warfare, such as that in Ireland might chance to be; the gathering together of these from the different divisions with which they were brigaded through France; the selection of suitable artillery; the packing up of cannon balls and powder and firearms and bullets; the storing away of thousands of muskets, and carbines, and spears, and swords; the selection of horses and accoutrements and the proper storing of them—in a word, the embarkation of three thousand men. The number might look small on paper, but before they ware ready the impatient Irishman had full time to see what responsibilities attached to the proper carriage and provisioning of even that number closely packed for some weeks on board a limited number of ships, and in the face of an enemy vigilant and all powerful at sea.

With superhuman energy he worked both night and day to hurry the expedition. His heart lay with the gallant men in Wexford and elsewhere making an unavailing struggle against overwhelming forces. No matter likely to affect the expedition's welfare or success was left untouched or unattended to; and it was with a heart delighted and joyous, but with a body weary and worn, that on the evening of Sept. 19, 1798, he dined for the last time with his wife and children and MacNevin, previous to his departure the next day for Camaret, where the fleet was gathered.

The evening, nathless the sorrow of separation in the morning, was full of pleasure, and all were bright with hope and promise.

"You will wait for Kilmaine, MacNevin," he said, as they separated at a late hour. "He holds nine thousand men in reserve to start with as soon as possible after news of our successful landing reaches him."

"I should much rather go now."

"I am sure you would, but Hardy wishes it. And I, too. The Directory will need some one to consult, and there is no one here so reliable as you."

"In that case," said MacNevin, disappointedly, "I suppose I must; but I do so with great reluctance. I am thirsting to see Ireland again. I am longing to see the green flag at last unfurled on her hills."

"You will see it in good time, and all the surer that it will lie in your power to hasten Kilmaine's force. You will be the good genius at his elbow to hurry him on. Carnot has given you a commission in his brigade, and attached you as aide-de camp to his staff."

"I am obliged to him, but, as far as that is concerned, where Ireland's cause is at stake, I should as freely fight in the ranks. It is not my own honor I look to, but my country's freedom. It has been the solitary star that shone on my life—the one bright hope that beckoned me on."

"Unless the fates are more than usually unpropitious the hour has struck when her freedom cometh," said Tone enthusiastically, as he parted from his friend. "The sound of French cannon on Irish hills will ring the knell of tyranny, and the flash of the guns will kindle the light of freedom never to bee quenched again in her valleys."

"Heaven send it," said MacNeven; and they parted.

Sept. 18, 1798, Bompart sailed from the Bay of Camaret. The fleet consisted of one first-class line-of battle ship, the Hoche—so named at Tone's special desire in honor of the dead hero who had so strongly testified his admiration for Ireland and his unaccomplished desire to aid in recovering for freedom—and eight frigates. A reconnaissance by Carlo in his swift sailing pinnance had shown that for some reason—probably because they had gone to the coast of Spain to watch the Spanish fleet—the English vessels were nowhere to be seen.

The day was beautifully fine as the nine men-of-war spread their sails above the water, attended by an immense crowd of transports. Not a cloud broke the clear arch of summer sky, and, save where the favorable breeze disturbed the surface of the water, the azure above was reflected in the brightening sea beneath.

Taking a long sweep to the westward, the admiral sought to avoid coming in contact with the British fleet.

In this he was successful, but he met a fiercer foe.

For some days the fleet sailed on in splendid order, a magnificent sight to behold.

"If this weather lasts, Eugene," said Tone to his friend, who had been appointed captain of the commander's vessel, "we shall see the headlands of Ulster shortly?"

"Look yonder, Tone. Do you see that sunset?"

He pointed to the west, where, on the far edge of the distant horizon, there rose above the rim of the Atlantic a black mass of clouds, the edges of which were turned into fiery redness by the beams of the sinking sun, and so made the centre to look of pitch blackness.

It was a weird sight to see, and so Tone thought.

"Have you ever seen the like of that before Tone?"

"I don't think I have. It is very remarkable."

"It is something more than remarkable. It is dangerous."

"Indications of a storm?"

"I never saw such a sunset as that," said Eugene gravely, "but one, and that was in the East Indies. I shall long remember it."

"Preceding a storm?"

"Preceding such a storm as rarely sweeps the surface of the sea. When it was over, the Orient, a 74 men of war, had foundered with all hands, and the Fundroyant was high and dry ashore—a complete wreck."

"I hope there is no occasion to dread anything of the kind now," said Tone anxiously.

"I hope so, but I doubt it. What think you, admiral?"—to Bompart, who had joined them.

"That is an ill looking sky, Eugene," said the admiral quietly. "It means mischief."

"Just what I have been thinking."

"It is spreading even now."

Tone glanced westward. The cloud did indeed seem to be spreading, like a funeral pall, its intense blackness over a larger portion of the sky.

"Eugene, I think it wiser to signal the fleet to sail in more extended order. Abundance of sea room will be wanting tonight."

"I quite agree with you, admiral. There is a storm, and a dangerous one, imminent."

Orders were immediately given from the flag ship for the fleet to sail more widely. The order was immediately obeyed. Most of the captains had already noticed the sinister and threatening cloud, and had already anticipated the direction.

It was surprising—surprising to Eugene even, who had long experience of the sea and storm—to see how rapidly the night fell, how swiftly the dark sky flung its forbidding hue over the water.

"That is the hurricane, Tone; the lightning will come presently."

Springing from his side, Eugene issued the necessary instructions to furl the sails and let the ship run under bare poles.

Whilst they were executing the order Tone watched the weird light traveling over the surface of the water, which latter seemed to grow grievously disturbed under its influence.

Suddenly the clouds gathered together, and at once out from their centre a red flash of lightning shot, streaking with sudden fire the black background of sky. At the same time a burst of thunder smote their ears, seeming in its extraordinary violence to peal beside them and to rumble along the atmosphere until it died away in the distant sky.

"We are in for it now," said Eugene, as the coming grey light rapidly approached. It was the hurricane sweeping along the water, and as it struck them its force would have blown the men off their feet had they not held on to the rigging.

The vessel keeled over on her side under its influence, and the few topsails that remained unfurled were torn to pieces as if they were made of cotton.

Thence afterwards it was one continuous storm.

It was difficult to say whether the ceaseless roar of the wind and waves, the rolling discharges of thunder, or the red flashes of lightning sweeping in grand relief against the background of pitch black sky, were the most astounding. The great man of war rolled and tumbled on the mountain waves as if it were the veriest cockleboat. Except for the flashes of lightning that for a heart's best of time lit up deck and mast and top gallant yards with a fierce glare, they were plunging through sea and atmosphere black as Erebus.

So passed the night—a night of unspeakable horror within the huge unmanageable vessel. The only thing that inspired admiral and captain and seamen with confidence was that they had plenty of sea room. There was but little danger from rocks or a lee coast, and unless she sprung a leak, or a huge gun broke from its fastenings and falling through the hold tore a hold in her bottom, she was sure, owing to the precautions, to weather the storm.

Day succeeded the terrible night, but the storm abated but little. And when it did it made up in duration for its slight cessation of violence.

For days heavy head winds continued on a violent sea, and it was so far in advance as the 9th of October when the storm entirely ceased, as it had arisen, at nightfall.

The admiral and Eugene took the bearing, and declared the vessel some eighty miles off the southern shores of Ireland.

CHAPTER XL.

DEFEAT OF THE EXPEDITION.

Next morning as the rays of the sun tipped the summits of the masts and the sea broke forth into brightness, a whistle came from the masthead.

"Ahoy! What is it?" shouted in response Admiral Bompart, who was standing with Tone and others at the poop.

In the surge of waters and the noise on deck the words came, scarcely heard, or with vague indistinctness on their ears.

"What does he say?" inquired Tone eagerly.

"The fleet, I believe," said Bompart, with a quick glance around.

"No, I think not," said Tone. "Whatever it was, it was not that."

"We shall soon know," said the admiral impatiently. Then through his speaking trumpet he shouted aloud:

"We cannot hear you. Call louder."

"Land!" came in clear response from the top.

"Land?" echoed all around in tones of high delight. Short as their time had been at sea, the soldiers were delighted to find themselves once more near land.

"Ireland! Beloved land!" cried Tone, as his eyes strained through the circling horizon in front to get a glimpse of the land for which he had worked so earnestly, and towards which his thoughts had oft so yearningly turned.

But the sharpest eye could as yet detect no sign of land. The grey white mists of morning, curving over the brightening surface of waters, hid for the present further view from their eyes.

Meantime the stately ships, with all sails spread to catch the fresh breeze setting in from the north, plowed their way through the yielding sea. The foam swept up as they careened over, in the swiftness of their going, to the bulwarks; and as the early fresh rays of dawn fell upon it they seemed to turn it into green and gold. It was a setting of snow white pearls in rubies and sea green amethysts, with here and there a placement of sun red cornelian. High up, in the great rim of heaven, the white cirrhi were purpling with the fresh rosy beams, and were rapidly vanishing into the deep blue. It was as once a sight enlivening and glorious—one of nature's wondrous masterpieces—and enough to make the human heart leap responsive. A thrill of rejoicing seemed to stir in the hearts of the group of officers gathered on the poop.

"It is a pleasant augury of our expedition to Ireland," said Bompart, who had often enough seen dawnings at sea, but never anything to equal this.

"It is magnificent," said Gen. Hardy, as his eye, taking in with one sweep the glowing expanse of sea, fell on the wide space of sails now gorgeously colored as with the pencil of an old master.

"It is only a foretaste, gentlemen, of what this land you are coming to is like," said Tone, exultantly.

"So very fair as that?" asked Bompart, laughingly.

"Fairer you never saw. Fair in the springtime when the grass grows green, fair in the summer when the hills bask in the sunshine; but when, in the autumn, the trees grow to brown and golden, sweeter land to look upon there never was."

"Pity its people did not fight for its freedom, then!" said an old officer, with a half sneer.

"So it is," said Tone. "They often did, but unfortunately they were always cursed with incapable leaders. But now," added he, "their destinies seem to be altered, and the flag of France lifted on their shores or on their hills will give them a new light to victory."

"If there be any worth in them it assuredly will," said Hardy eagerly. "And talking of shores, is that a cloud I see yonder, rising blue over the grey mists, or is it augur of further storm? Heaven knows we have had enough of storms."

"It is not a sign of storm," said the admiral. "There is no sign now but that of fine weather. It is—land."

"Land!" cried a dozen delighted voices in unison, as all eyes turned to that mysterious island—to many of them a *terra incognita*—which had been so much in their thoughts for the past three weeks.

"Ireland—Ianishowen!" cried Tone, as he looked at the chart to find out their position, and knew from a glance at the map that the peaks now rising bluely from the bosom of the mists were the hills of the peninsula just named.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Comhairle do na h-Eireannaighibh.

A dhaoine na h-Eireann de shliocht an mhor-Héber,
Creud fáth nach bh-fuil aon chiuin-shiothchàin eadaraibh?
Creud fáth nach bh-fuil sibh lán grádhmar le chéile
Mar fhearaibh ler mian a d-tír féin do shaoradh?

Má's mian libh aon airgead fhághail anns an tír so
Ní cóir dhíbh bheith cathugh' sin thall a sean-Eirinn;
Chó fhad a's beidh troid mhór a's clampar 'nn bhur measg-na,
Ní chuirfear aon ór buidhe go deo ann bhur g-cistibh.

Ta cine Gaedheal na tíre so tinn ann a g-croidhthibh
'Nuair chidheann siad stáid bhocht na n-daoineadh thar sáile,
'Sní chuirfidh siad aon lámh níos mó ann a b-pócaibh
Go riaghailtear bhur g-clampar le ciuineas no fórsa.

'Sí mo chómhairle do na daoinibh atá 'nois anns an tír so,
D'éirghe a bhaile chó luath agus thig leo,
Oir ní thabhairfidh aon fhear atá fíor agus cneasda
Ason chabhair ná maoin do Mhac Carthuigh no Párnell.

Is an-fhad anois atá muintir bhocht Eireann,
Gan aonachd gan brigh 'gus gan siothchain,—air éigin;
Muna g-coisgfear a d-troid mhór anois 'gus go siorruidhe
Ní thiocfaidh aon leasugh' go deo air an tír sin.

Ní h-é Parnell ná Healy ná duine 'san domhan so
Chabhróchaidh an tír bhocht agus í bheith gan aonachd;
'Sí cúis 'gus ní fear is cóir dhaoibh a leanmhuin,
Gan ceangal air bith le h-aon duine mhaireas.

Is cuma cé an obair rinne Parnell a n-allód,
Tá mórán anois ann nach leanfas a sdiuradh;
Má ghrádhuigheann sé Eire, a cúis a's a saoirse
Ba chóir dhó dul síos ó'n áit aird ann a bh-fuil sé.

Dearbhóchar anois é má 's tírghrádhuidhe fíor é,
Má dhennann sé iodhbairt de fhéin air son Eireann;
Muna n-deunann, taisbeunfar a solus lán-lae
Gur é féin a's ní Eire, a stór 'gus a ghradh geal.

FINN.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

KERR—Feb. 27, at her son's residence, Carlingford, Sarah, relict of Henry Kerr, of Lower Bridge street, aged 76 years.

O'GRADY—Feb. 28, at Island bridge, Dublin, Patrick O'Grady.

QUIN—Feb. 24, at Frances street, Kilrush, county Clare, Marianne, widow of the late James Quin.

ROCK—Feb. 27, Michael, eldest son of Bernard Rock, Curloggan, county Longford, aged 25 years.

SINNOTT—Feb. 27, at the Abbey, Enniscorthy, William Sinnott, fourth son of the late Nicholas Sinnott.

BRYAN—March 4, Fergus Butler Bryan, son of the late Rev. Richard Butler Bryan, rector of Kilkenny West, county Westmeath, aged 65 years.

DUGGAN—March 9, at Main street, Macroom, Mary, wife of Daniel Duggan.

FITZGERALD—March 6, at the Christian Brothers, North Richmond street, Dublin, the Rev. Brother J. B. Fitzgerald, aged 35 years

GROGAN—March 10, at Knockanally, county Kildare, Mrs. Bridget Grogan, aged 68 years.

GOGARTY—March 7, at No. 5 Rutland square, Dublin, Henry Joseph Kelly Gogarty, F. R. C. S. I.

LYNCH—March 5, at the residence of his father, Daniel Lynch, the Bridge, Macroom, the Rev. Jeremiah Lynch, aged 24 years.

NAGLE—March 6, Bridget, second eldest daughter of Jeremiah Nagle, Spangle Hill, Commons road, Cork.

DUGGAN—At his mother's residence, No. 44 Bath street, Irishtown, Dublin, Charles, youngest son of the late Hugh Duggan, lightkeeper, Duncannon, county Wexford.

MANGAN—March 10, at Dublin, Mary, relict of the late Michael Mangan, and mother of William Mangan, station-master, Wexford, aged 76 years.

POWER—March 9, at Bellevue, Warrenpoint, Mrs. Christina Power, late of New Ross.

BYRNE—March 10, at Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, Dublin, Mary, only surviving child of Michael and the late Catherine Byrne, aged 16 years.

FEENEY—March 1, at No. 31 Lower Kevin street, Dublin, Patrick, husband of Margaret Feeney.

KEARON—March 1, at Lower Main street, Arklow, Mary, wife of Edward Kearon, aged 29 years.

MCMURRY—March 1, at Bray, Andrew McMurry, of 26 Lower Bridge street, Dublin, and Ballibay, county Monaghan, aged 67 years.

CAHILL—March 14, at the Convent of the Ladies of Mary, Croydon West, Gertrude Mary, daughter of the late Michael B. Cahill, J. P., Ballyconra House, county Kilkenny, aged 24 years.

DELAHUNTY—March 7, at Ballybur, county Kilkenny, Honoria, widow of the late Thos. Delahunty.

FAGAN—March 14, at Watermount, Kilcock, county Meath, Nicholas, husband of Anne Fagan.

O'GRADY—March 13, at Butlerstown House, county Waterford, Mary O'Grady, eldest daughter of the late Francis O'Grady.

VICKERS—March 12, at No. 54 Charlemont street, Dublin, James Vickers, at an advanced age

DOWLING—March 8, at Gowran, Edmund Dowling, aged 40 years.

GERRARD—March 4, at Odder, John Gerrard, father of the Rev. Father Gerrard.

MCNALLY—Feb. 28, at his father's residence, Kells, county Meath, Peter, eldest son of Patrick McNally.

BERGIN—March 9, at the Abbey, Roscrea, Jane relict of the late John Bergin, Fancroft Mills, aged 76 years.

DAVIS—March 10, at Clooncagh, county Roscommon, Frank Davis, aged 80 years.

KILBRIDE—March 10, at Athy, Maria, widow of the late Thomas Kilbride, of Luggacurren, Queen's county.

WETHERILL—March 9, at Carrick Hill, Malahide, county Dublin, Anne Frances, wife of Thomas Binks Wetherill, late of Beech Grove, Drogheda, county Louth.

KEEGAN—March 16, at Knockfodda, county Wicklow, Mrs. Catherine Keegan.

KIERAN—March 17, at No. 4 Grattan place, Dublin, James Kieran, ex Sergeant R. I. C.

LAWLOR—March 17, at No. 11 Shanganagh terrace, Killiney, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Thomas and Sarah Lawlor, of Bray, county Wicklow.

MACDONNELL—March 17, at Clones, James Blake MacDonnell, late R. I. C. office, Dublin Castle.

SCULLY—March 17, at Stevens' Hospital, Dublin, Joseph A. Scully, L. R. C. S. I., youngest son of the late James Scully, Tipperary.

GARVEY—March 12, at the Whitworth Hospital Dublin, Amelia, only daughter of the late Patrick Garvey, Ennis

MULHERN—March 11, at St. Vincent's Hospital, William J. Mulhern, Sergeant Dublin Metropolitan Police, aged 35 years, native of Laghey, county Donegal.

HAND—March 14, at No. 132 Capel street, Dublin, Elizabeth, wife of Laurence Hand, aged 24 years.

MCGRATH—March 15, at No. 2 Dublin st., Carlow, Margaret, wife of Daniel McGrath.

MCLOUGHLIN—March 15, at Cranly More, Edgeworthstown, county Longford, Patrick McLoughlin, aged 48 years.

MCNAMARA—At No. 17 Killeen road, Dublin, John McNamara, formerly of Birr, King's county, aged 57 years.

O'KEEFFE—March 12, at Duffry Cottage, Enniscorthy, William O'Keeffe, ex-Head Constable R. I. C.

RUSSELL—March 12, at No. 70 Dalymount, N. C. road, Dublin, Kate, daughter of the late Thomas Russell, Harcourt Lodge, Trim.

RYAN—March 12, at Spring Garden Passage, Ballybough road, Dublin, Sarah Ryan, native of Borrisoleagle, county Tipperary.

TIMMINS—March 13, at Rathmines avenue, Dublin, Terrence Timmins, youngest son of the late Terrence Timmins.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit st.

We will give $100 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Great American Chorus.

Sneezing, snuffling and coughing! This is the music all over the land just now. "I've got such an awful cold in my head." Cure it with Ely's Cream Balm or it may end in the toughest form of catarrh. Maybe you have catarrh now. Nothing is more nauseous and dreadful. This remedy masters it as no other ever did. Not a snuff nor a liquid. Pleasant, certain, radical.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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ANOTHER OCEAN WRECK

Loss of a Norwegian Vessel on the Virginia Coast.

EIGHT PEOPLE MEET THEIR DEATH.

The Bark Dictator Goes Ashore During A Strong Gale—Life-Savers Attempt to Rescue the Crew, but the Captain's Wife and Child and Six Sailors Are Drowned—Three Men Killed by a Falling Rock.

NORFOLK, Va., March 30.—The Norwegian bark Dictator, from Pensacola, Fla., to West Hartlepool, England, laden with pine lumber, with a crew of fifteen and the captain's young wife and little boy of 3 years, came ashore in a strong easterly gale, four miles south of Cape Henry and two miles north of Virginia Beach hotel. The weather was so thick that the vessel was not seen until 8 o'clock, and then she was in the breakers, broadside on, within a quarter of a mile of the shore.

Efforts to Save Lives.

Full crews from two life-saving stations, those from Cape Henry and Seatick, under command of Capt. Drinkwater, were promptly on hand and began firing lines to the ill-fated bark. The guns could not deliver the lines so far, though they were repeatedly fired. The ship finally succeeded in getting a line ashore tied to a barrel, which the surf carried to the life-savers. The breeches buoy was quickly rigged and sent to the vessel, but unfortunately the bark's crew was ignorant of its use, and the rescue was delayed until Capt. Drinkwater, of the life-saving crew, wrote instructions, put them in a bottle and sent it to the Dictator by the line connecting the vessel with the shore.

Slow Work of Rescuers.

The men on board broke the bottle at once, as could be seen by glasses from the shore, and proceeded to carry out the directions. The first man was delivered ashore in eight minutes, and seven others were rescued before sunset. Four of them came ashore in a lifeboat, which was capsized, but the men succeeded in reaching the shore in a half-dead condition. One man had his arm broken. During the entire day the ship rolled and pitched terribly and made the work of rescue exceedingly difficult and slow, as the life-line would tighten or slacken in response to the motion of the vessel. Once the line broke with a man midway to the shore, and he was hauled back to the bark half dead. The line was mended and the same man was safely landed.

Pitiful Cries for Help.

The beach was lined with people who had come from the country houses and the hotel, and to the spectators the anxiety and suspense was awful, as they could plainly see the people on the bark and hear their constant cries for succor. At nightfall there were still nine persons on the bark, and among the number the captain, his wife and little child. The captain had urged his wife all during the day to take the buoy and come ashore, but she steadily refused, as she would not leave her husband and child, and only one could take the buoy at a time. At night the work of rescue was continued and the captain vainly besought his wife to make the attempt for life.

Lost with the Bark.

Late at night the bark went to pieces and the seven that remained on her were lost, including the wife of the captain. The captain, just before the ship went to pieces, sprung into the sea with his son strapped to his back and reached the shore alive, but the boy was lost, making a total loss of eight lives. The list of the saved is as follows: Capt. J. M. Jorgensen, Second Mate Julius Anderson, Ampler Barrett, John Steven, John Batterson, Yelmer Olson, John Mall, Carlo Olson (broken arm), Charles Joseph (colored). The Dictator was trying to make Hampton Roads, having been disabled by hurricanes since the 12th inst.

Did Not Know Where They Were.

All that could be gathered from the half-dead sailors as to the cause of the stranding of the vessel was that they did not know where they were, the sun not having been seen for four days and the weather so thick at night and in the morning that they struck the breakers before they could see the coast. The life-savers worked all day with great heroism. The apparently slow progress of the work of rescue is due to the fact that a lifeboat could not live in the surf.

OTHER DISASTERS.

Fatal Wreck on the Reading Railroad—Three Men Killed.

ASHLAND, Pa., March 30.—A disastrous wreck occurred on the Reading railroad two miles west of Gordon by which Andrew Walker and Fred Myers, engineers, and John Oaks, a fireman, were instantly killed, and Jacob E. Yanaucer, Lewis Cohart and William Hoffa, were very seriously injured. It is believed that the latter will not recover. As freight train No. 62 bound east was running between Locust Summit and Gordon and while passing what is known as Barry station, the engine jumped the track and went crashing over the embankment, taking thirty cars with it. Most of these were completely wrecked. The accident occurred at about 9:30 o'clock and it was necessary to run all trains after that time over the upper route through this place until midnight when the road was cleared.

Railway Fireman Killed.

WELLS BRIDGE, N. Y., March 30.—A passenger train on the Delaware and Hudson railroad crashed into an accommodation train near this city. The wreck took fire and several cars were burned. Fireman Fred Pierce was taken out of the wreck dead, while Engineers Frank White and William LaGrange and Fireman Fred Cooper were badly injured. All these men reside in Binghamton. No passengers were injured.

Crushed to Death by a Huge Rock.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., March 30.—Three men, A. Cassidy, Pat Lynch and a Frenchman were killed in the Caledonia coal mine at Gallup, this county. They were fixing the track in one of the main entries when a huge rock fell on them, crushing them to death.

Two Children Burned to Death.

QUEBEC, March 30.—The residence of Mr. Marchand St. Valiere de Batustrode in an eastern township was burned and two of his children perished in the flames.

Murdered by a Fellow Convict.

IONIA, Mich., March 30.—Charles Moyer and Charles Perrin, convicts in the house of correction, quarreled and Perrin kicked Moyer in the stomach, killing him.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

A Baggage Master Arrested While Plundering Mail.

QUINCY, Ill., March 30.—Robert W. Majors, baggage-master on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, was arrested here by Postofficer Inspector Fitz, charged with robbing mail sacks between Galesburg and Quincy. Inspector Fitz was concealed in a chicken coop surrounded by egg cases in the baggage car and caught Majors ransacking the mail bags all the way from Galesburg to Camp Point. He was placed underarrest upon arriving and taken to the post-office, where he made a complete confession and surrendered twenty-three package which he had taken from the mails on his last run.

Secured Quite a Fortune.

He also told the inspector that he had a large quantity of articles taken from the mails at his house at Galesburg and Inspector Fitz immediately went there to recover the stolen property. Majors is a married man about 35 years of age and has been running on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy for fifteen years during a great portion of which term he has tampered with the mails and in that way secured quite a snug little fortune, a considerable amount of which he has invested in Kansas and Illinois lands.

MISS FULLER MARRIED.

The Event Celebrated at Washington City.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 30.—Miss Grace Weston Fuller and Mr. Archibald Lapham Brown were married at 8 o'clock Monday evening at St. John's church. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Douglass, a reception was held at the residence of the chief executive. But one maid attended the bride, her youngest sister, Miss Janet Fuller, who wore a toilet of white chiffon and lace. Mr. Albert W. Barnum, of Chicago, the groom's most intimate friend, acted as best man. The ushers selected were Lieut. Alger, U. S. N., Mr. C. Manning, Mr. Mario D. Mendonea and Mr. Charles L. Frailey. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Brown left for New York. They will sail next Monday for Bremen, going thence to London, Paris, Berlin and Munich. They will make their home in Chicago.

Rioting at Scottdale, Pa.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., March 30.—Rioting prevailed throughout the coke region Monday. The Jimtown works were raided by 1,500 strikers, and the twenty workmen there were driven from the yard in great confusion. Work was to be started at the Morewood plant Monday morning but the strikers prevented this. A dynamite bomb was exploded at the Leisenring No. 3 plant, which tore a hole six feet deep in the ground, but no one was seriously injured. Great disorder prevails at the Leith and Leisenring and other plants. Eight of the rioters at Leith were arrested. All the Frick works are heavily guarded by deputies and the managers say if necessary they will call on the state militia. Further troubles are expected.

Death of Mrs. Mary B. Cushing.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., March 27.—Mrs. Mary B. Cushing, widow of the late Milton Buckingham Cushing, died here Thursday, aged 84 years. She was the mother of Milton B. Cushing, at one time paymaster of the United States navy; of Luther Ward Cushing, who was killed by Indians in Arizona in 1874; of Col. Alonzo Cushing, killed at the battle of Gettysburg, and of Commander W. B. Cushing, of Albemarle fame. The body will be sent to Fredonia, N. Y., for interment.

The Cutters Will Protest.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 30.—A mass meeting has been called to be held at Cooper Union, in New York city, on the evening of April 9, to protest against the course of the Rochester clothing manufacturers. T. V. Powderly, the national master workmen of the Knights of Labor, will speak. District Organizer Wright will also address the meeting. Secretary Westbrook and some of the officials of the Rochester locals will also attend.

The Gun Was Loaded.

LONDON, March 27.—According to a Munich correspondent, Otto, the insane king of Bavaria, met with an accident on Monday last, while engaged in his favorite pastime of shooting at peasants from a window. The gun was by some mistake loaded with a ball, and the peasant received a flesh wound in the shoulder. The wounded man has been compensated and efforts mac. to keep the circumstances from the public.

Notified of a Reduction.

READING, Pa., March 30.—The employes of the Reading Iron company have been notified that owing to the slackness of trade a reduction of wages will be inaugurated on the first of the month. The reduction will be a slight one. Two thousand men will be affected. The company promises to restore wages to the old figures when business improves. The men will acquiesce in the reduction.

A Strike Expected.

TRENTON, N. J., March 30.—It is feared that there will be a serious pottery strike soon. The kiln men in the several factories refuse to work with the non union sanitary ware pressers who took the places of union men. There are about twenty-eight potteries in this city, and should they all shut down, which is probable, the business of this city would be paralyzed.

Arbuckle, of Coffee Fame, Dead.

BROOKLYN N. Y., March 30.—Charles Arbuckle, aged 58 the senior member of the well-known coffee firm, died at his residence in this city Friday evening after a short illness. Pneumonia was the cause of his death. The remains will be taken to Allegheny City for interment.

Bulkley Is Governor Defacto.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 27.—Governor Davis says he will recognize the requisition papers for a forger named Garnett, which have come to him from Governor Bulkley, of Connecticut. He says the possession of the seals of the state make Bulkley governor defacto.

Received a Mafia Threat.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., March 30.—F. W. Ott, publisher of a newspaper at Carbon, has received a threatening letter signed "Mafia." There are many Italians in the place, and these and other foreigners opposed the establishment of the paper.

Kansas Gets Her Share.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 27.—The treasury department Friday paid to the state of Kansas $80,981, her share of the direct tax.

CAN NOT BE TOUCHED.

Remarkaple Case of a Young Man at Chicago.

IT PUZZLES ALL THE DOCTORS.

The Least Touch of a Human Being Upon the Skin of the Patient Sends a Thrill Through Him Like That Produced by an Electric Shock—Scores of Experts in Nervous Diseases Examine the Remarkable Case.

CHICAGO, March 31.—Lying on a cot in ward 4 of the County hospital, imploring the physicians to help him, lies a patient whose malady has baffled the skill of the entire medical staff of the institution and many eminent physicians, surgeons, and specialists in nervous diseases who have been called in to solve the mysterious disease that has laid its hold upon the victim. Not one of the many leading men in the medical profession that have had the case submitted to them has gone so far as to say what the man is suffering from. The patient is Charles Weeks, an expert accountant, who was admitted to the hospital for treatment three months ago. He had fallen off a car and hurt his head, which, however, had healed.

Can Not Be Touched.

Weeks is about 28 years of age, and when admitted was apparently in fairly good health but for a peculiar affliction. His whole system seemed to have a peculiar aversion to the touch of a human being. A person's hand laid upon any portion of his anatomy sent a thrill through him like that produced by an electric shock, and his whole being would shake as though he were affected with the palsy, his hands and legs particularly moving and jerking violently. The muscles contracted, and the shaking sensation lasted for several seconds, after which they subsided. These paroxysms would generally leave the patient in an exhausted condition. He could not perform his daily duties because of the danger of contact with any one, particularly in a street car or crowed conveyance, where he was likely to be touched and given a shock.

An Obscure Brain Disease.

When the man was admitted he was examined by the physician in charge of ward 4, who was so puzzled that he declined to prescribe for the man until consultation had been held with the other physicians. Drs. McNamara, Murphy, and other doctors were called upon to solve the mystery, but they gave it up, all agreeing, however, that the disease was an affection of the nervous system. It was named an "obscure brain disease," this being the nearest the physicians could get at it, and strong tonic remedies were administered. But all was to no purpose, and the victim was not advanced one jot toward recovery, the least touch upon his bare skin instantly producing the shaking sensation.

A Puzzling Case.

Since Weeks has been in the hospital scores of experts in nervous diseases have been attracted there by the strange malady, but they have all come away nonplussed, acknowledging that they could arrive at no definite conclusion as to the exact disease Weeks is afflicted with. All declare that the only thing to be done is to keep the patient quiet and administer sedatives, which have done not a particle of good.

"I've had some queer cases in my practice in this hospital, but this caps the climax for puzzling diseases," said Dr. McNamara to a reporter. "We know absolutely nothing about the disease, although no means have been left untried to learn it. The man's condition is not one whit changed from what it was the day he was admitted. All we can do is to administer sedatives and allow time to develop something further."

Sugar Men Come to Terms.

NEW YORK, March 31.—A special to The Times from San Francisco, says: Mr. Havemeyer, the New York sugar man, has completed a compact that will end the long war that Claus Spreckels and his sons have waged on the sugar trust. It is understood that the basis of agreement is a division of territory. Spreckels agrees to retire from Philadelphia and to confine sugar refining to this coast, and to sell no sugar east of the Rocky mountains. Havemeyer agrees not to interfere with the sugar business west of the Rocky mountains. The result of this combine will be to advance the price of sugar. The new tariff will reduce the price for a time, but the big operators will soon wipe this out and make sugar dearer than it is now.

Seven "Crystal Slipper" Girls Poisoned.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 31.—Seven lady members of the "Crystal Slipper" company, Hattie Kuley, Alice Stoddart, Louise Barrister, Mamie Holden, Emma Dickson, Hattie Redmond, Annie Gregory and Mamie Wheeler, were poisoned Monday while en route to Minneapolis on the Burlington railroad, by drinking coffee and tea on the buffet car which had been made in new urns. They were unable to appear last evening, but all are expected to recover.

Put "Not" in the Wrong Place.

TRENTON, N. J., March 31.—A serious error has been discovered by the attorney-general in the amendments made by the legislature to the ballot reform laws. The intent of the amendment was to exempt towns of less than 4,000 from using the election booths in their local elections. The word "not" was put in the wrong place and it makes the use of booths applicable to towns of less than 4,000 inhabitants and not to towns having over that number of inhabitants.

The "Female Stanley."

LONDON, March 31.—Mrs. French Sheldon, the American lady who has been dubbed the "Female Stanley," by reason of her intention to penetrate into Africa, has left Zanzibar with a caravan of eighty porters. It is learned that she has gone in the interests of an American patent medicine firm, whose goods she will "puff" in the inevitable book of travels she will write when she returns from her wanderings.

First Home of the Mormon Church.

CLEVELAND, O., March 31.—On April 6 the annual conference of the Latter Day Saints will be held at Kirtland, in Lake county. Kirtland was the first home of the Mormon church. One of the interesting items of business to be disposed of will be an offer of $100,000 for the temple by parties who desire to remove it to Chicago for exhibition at the World's fair. This offer will probably be rejected.

DRUMMED OUT OF TOWN.

A Peeping Tom at Coral, Mich., Gets into Serious Trouble.

CORAL, Mich., March 31.—Alonzo Ainsworth has been caught several times during the past year peeping into bed room windows, and on two occasions thrashed. Monday night he followed the daughter of a well known farmer home from church, and her father, a little later, caught Ainsworth peeping into his daughter's room and gave him a sound thrashing. The citizens decided that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and a committee waited on Ainsworth and told him to take his choice between leaving town in half an hour or taking a coat of tar and feathers. When the half-hour was up fully fifty men and boys, with drums, tin pans, and whistles, gathered at his residence, and Ainsworth left via the railroad track, the crowd following, playing on their instruments and pelting him with snowballs and mud. He will be tarred and feathered if he returns.

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.

A Dangerous $2 Silver Certificate Now in Circulation.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—The secret service officers declare the $2 silver certificate a most dangerous one. The vignette of Hancock is as fine as the original, and the lettering and lathe work is an exact copy of the treasury note. In fact, the only difference is too minute to be visible to the naked eye. In the upper left hand and the lower right hand corner of the genuine note is a figure "2," and on its face is engraved, in characters so minute that they are not legible except under a magnifying glass, the word "two," repeated three times. In the counterfeit the word "two" is similarly engraved the same number of times, but in two cases the counterfeiter has made the letters read "owt." But, as intimated, this mistake is not visible without the use of a glass.

The Texas Criminal Code Is Valid.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—Chief Justice Fuller, in the supreme court of the United States, Monday announced the decision of the court in the notable case of Dick Duncan against Sheriff McCall, of Bevoir county, Tex. Duncan was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed on the ground that the new criminal code of Texas under which he was tried was not enacted legally. The court holds that the legality or illegality of the code is not a question for it to determine, the state courts being invested with that power. The decision of the state court is consequently affirmed, and Duncan will be duly hanged.

A Suit for $100,000 Damages.

MANSFIELD, Ohio, March 31.—Mrs. Minnie G Brinkerhoff, wife of Dr. W. C. Brinkerhoff, of Chicago, has filed suit in the common pleas court against the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railroad for $100,000 damages. In her petition she states that she was injured in alighting from a train on that road at Galion May 3, 1887, the result being a concussion of the spinal cord and internal injuries which have permanently crippled her. Negligence of the railroad authorities is alleged in the petition. It is stated that Mrs. Brinkerhoff is absolutely helpless as a result of her injuries.

Stirred Up a Hornet's Nest.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 31.—Telegrams have been received from all the principal towns in the state protesting against the action of the legislature in defeating the World's fair appropriation. Governor Eagle has issued an additional proclamation directing the legislature to make an appropriation and the board of trade has taken active steps to secure it. So strong has been the effort that many of the most bitter opponents have weakened and it is now likely that $30,000 will be secured.

Will Contest Hooker's Seat in Congress.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., March 31.—Hiram Smith, Democratic candidate for congress in the late election, has filed with the clerk of the house of representatives his intention to contest the seat of Warren B. Hooker, who holds a certificate of election as representative of the Thirty second district. The charge made is that Mr. Hooker procured his nomination and election by corruption in buying votes in primaries and delegates in the convention.

Strange Physical Phenomenon.

RICHMOND, Va., March 31.—Libby Hill, in the eastern part of the city, has cracked open, the fissure extending about a quarter of a mile. Main street, which extends to the foot of the hill, has in that immediate locality been raised at least two feet. It is believed that there has been a subterranean landslide which has caused the crack, and that the earth accumulating in the base of the hill produced the elevation in the street.

Another Case of Mob Law.

NEW ORLEANS, March 31.—The Times-Democrat, Mineola, Tex., special says: Sunday Will Fields, colored, made a criminal assault on a Mineola lady, and was jailed. During the night unknown parties forced an entrance to the jail and carried the negro off. Next morning the body was found swinging to a limb of a tree in the outskirts of the town.

Lemcke Will Go Abroad.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—Mr. J. A. Lemcke, of Indiana, who has been prominently mentioned as the probable successor of United States Treasurer Huston, informed the president that his health was so bad that he did not desire to be considered in connection with that office any longer, and especially as he had arranged to go abroad in May.

Used To Be a Beau Brummell.

DETROIT, Mich., March 31.—Unconscious and partially paralyzed, George Chappell was found in his hovel Monday, having been missing since Friday. Chappell is a miser and in his fireless hut was found bank notes of many thousands. He was once the Beau Brummell of Detroit society.

Supposed to Have Been Murdered.

YANKTON, S. D., March 31.—The body of John Hobson, who disappeared from this city on Dec. 14, was discovered Sunday on the ice in the Missouri river opposite the city. He is supposed to have been murdered, but his watch and valuables were found on the body.

Young Girl Burned to Death.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 31.—Laura Van Denelye, of Green Bay, Wis., aged 12, was burned to death Sunday, her clothing catching fire at a stove.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Government agents sent to investigate the state of feelings among the Indians concerned in the recent troubles report that a sense of wrong still pervaled the camps, and that great care and promptness in performing its promise was necessary on the part of the government to prevent further outbreaks.

Two mines were blown to pieces in the Tamarack mine at Calumet, Mich., by the premature discharge of a blast.

Mrs. Harry Kapple, of Jamestown, N. Y., has been arrested, accused of complicity with a gang of counterfeiters operating in that section.

During the last twenty-four days 723 deaths have occurred in Alleghany and Pittsburg from the grip.

The Merrimac river at Lowell, Mass., is unusually high, and it is feared that the big mills on the water front will be compelled to suspend operations.

Commissioner Groff, of the general land office, who resignation has been accepted by the president, will leave Washington for California to engage in private business.

The thirty-sixth general assembly of Missouri has adjourned sine die.

The lighthouse keeper at Cape Mendocino, Cal., reports that a boat from the sealing schooner Ethel, of San Diego, containing six men, was capsized and two sailors were drowned. The men had deserted the vessel.

The bill for the weekly payment of wages by all except railway corporations has been passed by the Illinois senate.

In spite of the vigorous measures taken by the women of Owensboro, Ky., to prevent the granting of licenses the commissioners at their meeting granted licenses to all who applied.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific railway for the week ending March 21 were $341,000, against $289,000 for the corresponding period last year.

Grant county, Ills., produced 11,880,000 pounds of cheese valued at $1,214,000 last year.

John Hawk being awakened by a man trying to break into his house, near North Eaton, Ohio, seized a shot gun and killed the intruder.

The police of Rome searched a number of Anarchists' houses and seized papers showing that Italian, French, German, and Spanish Anarchists are concerting to give their May Day manifesto a revolutionary character.

A post-mortem examination of the body of Rosa Wood, who was found dead at Fergus Falls, Minn., reveals a bullet hole in her breast and it now looks as if she had been murdered.

John Hade went home at Omaha, Neb., and found William McMannis in a room with his wife and shot him. McMannis died and Hade was arrested.

Chinese residents of New York are getting up a petition to the president protesting against ex-Senator Blair's appointments as minister to China.

At Benton Harbor, Mich., Roy Crandall, a 10-year-old lad, was killed while picking up coal under a car.

A second vein of coal three feet thick was struck at Chenoa, Ills., at the depth of 405 feet.

Suits were brought by justices against Polk county, Iowa, for $16,000 in fees claimed to have been earned by themselves and constables in attempts to enforce the prohibition law.

Dr. Emil Nussel, of Chippewa Falls., Wis., was pardoned out of state prison by Governor Peck. Dr. Nussel was sentenced last May to four years imprisonment for criminal malpractice.

Snow fell in Nebraska to the depth of twenty inches on the level Wednesday. Railroad traffic was greatly impeded. Severe snow storms were also reported from Kansas.

Jacob Anderson, a farmer, was found hanging to a tree near Mason City, Iowa. He had evidently committed suicide.

Dispatches from New Mexico report a great deal of distress among cattle, sheep and other live stock in that territory.

Helen P. Clark, an Indian girl, teacher in the Carlisle Indian school, has been appointed special allotment agent by the United States government, and has left for Montana to assume the duties of her office.

The steamer Herbert left Chattanooga, Tenn., for St. Louis, Mo., the first trip of the kind on record, the opening of the Muscle Shoals canal making it possible.

A starch mill, the first in North Dakota, is about to be started at Grand Forks.

A statement of the business of the Pennsylvania railway for February shows a net decrease in earnings.

Fred Douglass, minister to Hayti, is dissatisfied because Admiral Gherardi has been appointed special commissioner to conduct the negotiations for Mole St. Nicholas and says he will resign unless he is permitted to transact the business.

George Boyd, of Cadillac, Mich., was killed in the woods by the falling limb of a tree.

The total number of hogs packed in the west during the year ended March 1, was 17,713,000, against 13,745,000 the preceding year.

On March 12 the Russian czar's old nurse, Miss Catherine Strutton, an English woman, was buried from the winter palace. She was 81 years old, and has been forty-six years in the imperial service. The emperor and three of his brothers walked abreast behind the hearse.

H. J. & G. R. Crump, proprietors of the Colonnade hotel at Philadelphia, have asked an extension of time from their creditors. They owe $290,000, while the accessible assets are but $80,000.

The Havana cigar manufacturers are alarmed at the great decrease in the exportation of cigars.

Grand Master Sargent of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has gone to Atlanta. The engineers on the Marietta and Northern Georgia are on a strike.

On next Tuesday evening at Columbus, O., Miss Maud Hutchinson, daughter of the late Joseph Hutchinson, a wealthy banker, will wed Sir Gerald Villiers Stuart, an Irish nobleman, living in County Waterford, Ireland.

William Price, colored, has been convicted of criminal assault at Marshall, Mo., and the punishment fixed at death.

The 101 Democratic members of the Illinois legislature have signed an address urging the Democrats of Chicago to support DeWitt C. Cregier for mayor at the approaching municipal election.

The National Editorial association will meet in St. Paul July 14 to 18.

A body of armed men are in pursuit of a panther that attacked Stephen Hunt and son near Macomb, Ills.

At Colfax, Ills., a rock weighing three tons fell down a coal shaft from a height of twenty-two feet and crushed John Wallace Russell into a pulp.

An English syndicate has been formed to buy the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railway company.

C. E. Richards has been arrested at Detroit, Mich., for an alleged forgery on a Syracuse, N. Y., bank. Richards was married four weeks ago and while stopping in Detroit pawned his wife's sealskin cloak and diamonds without her consent.

Henry C. Berg, aged 62, who has been for many years a Roman Catholic monk, has renounced the Catholic faith and has been baptized and received into the Christian church at Indianapolis.

M. Baltchieff, the Bulgarian minister of finance, was assassinated as he was about to enter his official residence in Sophia.

A merchant of Kufstein, a town in the Tyrol, was murdered by a member of the Mafia who mistook him for a member of the order who had done some wrong to the society.

England has agreed to protect Belgium in case of a European war.

Ohio's grape crop per acre is worth three times that of California.

The London Religious Tract society last year issued 77,000,000 publications.

Among a flock of blackbirds that visited Gardiner, Miss., a few days ago was one that was pure white.

Since the establishment in 1802 of West Point Military academy, 3,384 men have received diplomas from that institution.

A Philadelphia surgeon has dissected and mounted the complete nervous system of a human being, something never before accomplished.

Meetings have been held in Louisville, Ky., in memory of the great cyclone which visited the city one year ago.

St. Louis pool sellers have decided to test the validity of the Stone anti-pool law.

The backers of Hall and Fitzsimmons have agreed that the two men shall fight in Astoria, Ore., for a purse of $17,000.

Hattie Saebel, of Centerville, Mich., died at Michigan City, Ind., from the effects of a criminal operation.

The Canadian government has reduced the tolls on cereals passing through the Welland and St. Lawrence canals.

William Cramp & Sons, the ship builders, have bought the Port Richmond iron works of the I. P. Morris company.

Katharine Pearce, an 18 year-old girl of Uniontown, Pa., has been arrested for beating her mother.

A wreck occurred on the Reading road near Ashland, Pa. Three men were killed and three injured.

Pennsylvania Railway company employes of the New York division have signed a petition asking for an increase of wages.

Stephen Searles, who set the carriage factory of John Ries at Blue Fly, Ohio, on fire, was sentenced at Norwalk, Ohio, to five years' imprisonment.

The celebrated Jones county, Iowa, calf case will be litigated again, a petition having been filed in the supreme court asking for a rehearing.

B. Williams was lodged in the United States jail at Fort Smith, Ark., charged with making and passing counterfeit money, the officers secured his molds for silver dollars and nickels.

Henry Miller, of California, stage robber, has been arrested at Los Angles.

Three children of W. H. Walker, of Carlyle, Ills., found some polk root Friday and ate it. One child died Saturday and the other two are not expected to recover.

The break in the coffer dam at the "Soo," by which work on the new lock was stopped, has been repaired.

The trouble between the officers of McFarland's bank, at Boone, Iowa, which led to its insolvency, has been settled by a division of the property. Creditors will be paid in full.

John Sullivan, an old resident of the soldiers' home at Vandalia, Ills., drew his pension installment last Monday and has not been seen since. Foul play is feared.

The New York fire department has a most powerful fireboat in the New Yorker. It can send a stream that it is claimed would knock down an eighteen-inch brick wall at 150 feet. A prize of $1,000 has been offered for a nozzle that will dispose of the stream from its six inch hose and be capable of right angle deflection in any direction easily by two men.

An unknown friend of the G. A. R. of South Dakota has given $500 as a nucleus of a fund toward building a state soldiers' home at Hot Springs

The railroads own 211,000,000 acres of land, which is an area larger than six states the size of Iowa. Since 1861 no less than 181,000,000 acres of land have been given to the railroads.

In a Georgia court a colored burglar uttered a profane exclamation when the judge's sentence of fifteen years was pronounced. Immediately his honor made it twenty.

William Flickinger, a gentleman of prominence of Erie, Pa., left his home during the late snow storm. He became bewildered and wandered off from the city. Entering a gulf, he wandered up into a close canon, and there walked around until, overcome with fatigue, he fell and perished in the snow.

The funeral of Mrs. C. M. Smith, sister to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, took place at Springfield, Ills.

Several large brewing companies have established wa ehouses at Oshkosh, Wis., intending to make that place a distributing point for the northwest.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 4, 1891

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Ship Ahoy."

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Jefferson-Florence Comedy Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — The Lilliputians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Dr. Bill."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Milton and Dollie Nobles.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Spider and Fly."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — "The World Against Her."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"A Dark Secret."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"DEPUTIES OF THE DEVIL."

It is well known among men who are old enough to remember former Knownothing movements in this country, that their inception and organization were largely due to the secret service money of the English government. The fact that the Irish Catholic population was made the shining mark of Knownothing persecution, both North and South, bears out this statement. But, people may ask, why should the British secret service fund be used for such a purpose? Because it would be in line with the traditional British policy of crushing the Irish Catholics both at home and abroad, but more particularly abroad, where they are liable to become formidable enemies of British interests, both commercial and political.

The newer Knownothing movement, which first took the name of United Order of Deputies, originally attracted to its ranks, under false representations, many citizens of American birth who subsequently seceded from the organization because they would not be parties to the proscription and persecution of their Catholic fellow citizens. Such men should be held guiltless of intention to meanly conspire against their brethren of a different religious belief, and in that way THE CITIZEN regards them.

But those who, having discovered the purposes of the organization, remained in its ranks, and continued to propagate the order, are criminal conspirators against the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and, as such, should be prosecuted, and, if found guilty, adequately punished by imprisonment or otherwise. They are traitors and scoundrels and the law of the land should deal promptly and energetically with them. If the law of conspiracy governed in other cases, it certainly should govern in theirs, because to conspire against the citizen rights of any class of Americans is to outrage the traditions of the country, insult its justice and expose it to the malignity of a selfish and traitorous faction, the offspring of treason and Toryism.

A "mighty pretty quarrel" in the ranks of the Deputies themselves has served to lay bare their infamous methods of political procedure. Mr. George Potier, secretary of the American League (United Order of Deputies) for the state of Illinois, went into the Order to reform mankind and "down" the Catholics. He put the books in shape—they were sadly out of repair—and expended a large amount of stationery and postage stamps in propagating the "principles" of the League throughout Illinois, at the munificent salary of $50 per month—the Deputies are nothing if they are not cheap—but not a cent of salary, or remuneration of any kind, has the unhappy Mr. Potier received, so he is now taking revenge by the publication of a pamphlet which virtually lays bare the blue bowels of the United Order of Deputies, alias the American League. Mr. Potier, very naturally, thought that his exceptional talents should be duly recompensed, but his economical brethren did not agree with him, and hence the quarrel. "Brother" Potier, who used to be a beacon in the darkness to the azure bellies, is now, according to them, only "a blackmailer" and an "informer." People who go into such dirty business as hole and corner conspiracy against their fellow citizens can hardly expect their instruments to be a whit better than themselves. THE CITIZEN is distinctly of opinion that Mr. George Potier is neither better nor worse than his late associates. In this case the old, and true, adage "show me your company and I'll tell you what you are," most fittingly applies.

The significant feature about the organization of the United Order of Deputies is that "nationality" is not a bar to membership. The profession of the Catholic faith is the only barrier between a citizen and the putrescent ranks of the Kuklux banditti who are seeking to control politics in Chicago and elsewhere. If "nationality" were made a bar the Deputies would be deprived of the valuable services of the Loyal (to England) Order of Orangemen, the British American Association, the American Protestant Association, and other knaves, bigots and disturbers of human charity and the good fellowship of mankind.

Among the questions put to those seeking membership in the rank smelling Order of Deputies are the following:

"Do you regard Romanism (Catholicism) as the enemy of civil and religious liberty?"

"Is it not, in your opinion, unwise and unsafe to appoint to civil, political(?) or military office in this country, men who owe allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and who have sworn to obey him?"

"Do you prefer the Fourth of July to the Seventeenth of March (St. Patrick's Day)?"

As a matter of fact no Catholic "swears obedience to the Pope of Rome," unless it be a clergyman, who is bound to obey him as head of the church, and in no temporal capacity whatever. English Episcopalians owe allegiance to the Queen of England in the same manner, and very few of them ever forswear it. The matter of "obedience to the Pope" is simply used by the knaves among the U. O. Ds. to inflame the bigots, and as all bigots are fools, the conflagration is easily spread.

The Deputies do not ask the Orange men if they prefer July Fourth to July Twelfth, or the British whether they prefer St. George's, St. Andrew's, St. David's, or the Queen's natal day to our American national holiday. St. Patrick's Day—a day that George Washington himself specially honored when in camp at Morristown, N.J., and in other places—is the only day pitched upon by the rogues and rascals of the United Order of Deputies.

It is interesting to contemplate how the C.C.C., or Citizens Committee of One Hundred—Elmer Washburn's backers—was constituted in the first place. Mr. Potier says, on page 88 of his pamphlet, "The first meeting was called by the author in pursuance of instructions from Judge (J. K.) Barry, at the office of Dr. Ben. P. Reynolds, 126 Clark street. Dr. Reynolds represented the Loyal Order of Orangemen; Judge Barry and George Potier the American League (U. O. Ds), J. McAuley, the American Protestant Association, H. C. Gano, the A.P.A. (Amorians), and the late Dr. Ingraham the Patriotic Order of Sons of America. The matter of getting all Protestants to consolidate their votes, and by all means known to political science, (which, by the way, is a scarce article in the domain of these gentlemen) to write the political epitaph of every man who drank at the religious fountain of St. Peter."

Subsequently other meetings were held, at which the American League, American Protective Association, American Protestant Association, Junior Order of American Mechanics, Loyal Orange Institution, Patriotic Order of Sons of America and (of course) the British American Association were represented. Out of these meetings grew the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred, which, in alliance with other narrow brained persons, is now booming Elmer Washburn for the mayoralty. On the other hand, they are vehemently fighting Mr. Hempstead Washburne, because he is the husband of an Irish-American Catholic lady! What a disgusting spectacle in a country where all men are supposed to be equal in a political sense! If the British Americans and the Canadian and Irish Orangeman had not, as a majority, perjured themselves by swearing allegiance to this country for the purpose of keeping Irish-American Catholics out of office, the United Order of Deputies would not amount to a corporal's guard in this city or elsewhere.

Among the U. O. Ds not already mentioned, who are named in Mr. Potier's confession, are Justice Louis Kistler, L. P. Stedman, S. M. Meek, Dr. J. W. Meek, Hon. S. C. Hayes, State representative; E. E. Weed, Jerome Wiltsie, H. R. Sands; Dr. Avery, Eli Montgomery, A. B. Case, W. C. Nelson, H. C. Gano, Theodore Noel, Alex White, G. W. Knoll, C. W. Woodman, J. M. Omo, Dr. John Sumney, C. M. Catlin, Ed Dempsey, George E. Gooch, alias Goose, ex president of the British American Association; J. W. Burdsell, Adam Bruer, Twenty-fourth ward; Judge Theodore Brentano, of the Superior court; H. Preston, S. S. Corson, F. S. Baird, D. B. Moore, J. C. Satterlee, L. Hazzard, M. H. Smith, A. D. Beachy, Harold Michaelson, Fifteenth ward; J. A. Linn, of the Twenty-third ward; J. S. Dunham, of the Twenty-fourth ward; Otto Thorrud, of the Seventeenth ward; W. R. Dassler, the late Emil Dietzsch, W. C. Pfister, of the Twentieth ward; B. M. Wellenger, Theo Nelson, Ald. J. W. Hepburn and ex Ald. Horner.

There are many others in the same category, but it must be said in justice to some of the number that they are merely nominal members. The active ones soon disgust any man of liberal mind, but there can always be found sufficient bigots to feed the flame of intolerance, and keep up the devil's dirty work. If Hempstead Washburne is elected mayor of Chicago next Tuesday, he will have to thank the opposition of the Deputies to him, on account of his Catholic matrimonial alliance, for the honor and the triumph.

CAN A DUCK SWIM?

The able editors who are now busy telling their readers that the big Italian men-of-war could not cross the Atlantic to bombard our seaboard cities may be right in their theory, but we doubt it. This unpleasant fact remains, however: The Italian government has at its disposal many ironclads of medium displacement, which can sail on any sea. Our very best ships could not stand before them for any length of time, and they could anchor near enough to Boston, New York and San Francisco—our three most exposed seaports—to make it decidedly warm for the inhabitants of those cities. So much for congressional parsimony in dealing with navy and coast defense supplies. But if Italy grows insolent, and will not listen to the reasonable representations of our executive, THE CITIZEN does not believe in eating humble pie. It has full confidence in the courage and patriotism of the President and in the diplomatic genius of the Secretary of State. They will find an honorable way out of the difficulty, even if they have to accept war as the outcome.

OUR ITALIAN IMBROGLIO.

The rebellious—always rebellious—Knownothings of New Orleans, have succeeded in getting our government into an ugly scrape with Italy—all the uglier because, although as Americans we must be with our country, when it comes to a fight with any foreign power, right or wrong, we are compelled to confess that the conduct of the New Orleans murder mob has placed us, as a nation, in a false and rather humiliating position. The Mafia society, if it exists as stated, ought to be crushed by legal process, and if the law is not competent for this end, it should be amended so as to make it competent. But when a mob, as in New Orleans, skips the jury accused of corruption, and wreaks its vengeance on acquitted prisoners, it is quite evident that the Knownothing demon—an old resident of New Orleans—was the inspiration of the partial and disgraceful action. New Orleans has a Knownothing record which is second to no other city in this country, and, since the battle of that name in 1815, it has been the scene of more than ninety bloody riots. It was disloyal to the Union until Farragut brought it to its senses, and Ben. Butler proved to be its greatest benefactor when he established the strict sanitary regulations which temporarily banished the yellow fever scourge. Butler gave the New Orleans rebels some heroic medicine, and hanged one of them for hauling down the flag of the United States. If New Orleans alone were to suffer from the guns of the Italian fleet, the American nation, while it would be compelled in honor to fight for the integrity of its soil, could not be expected to shed many tears of sentiment over the misfortunes of a daughter who has ever been fierce, hysterical and ungovernable.

The people of the United States heard with some degree of astonishment on last Tuesday that the Italian minister had been recalled from Washington. A special telegram from the capital to the Chicago *Tribune* thus describes the affair:

"Baron Fava, without previous notice, presented his letters of recall to the state department today. In doing so he stated this action was taken because of dissatisfaction with the New Orleans situation. This explanation was necessary in order that the recall might not be looked upon as a reflection on the minister. If the grounds had not been stated the inference might have been that the Italian government was dissatisfied with the management of the affair. But there was nothing of the sort. Everything done by Baron Fava has been in accordance with cable instructions direct from Rome. The Italian government recalls him in order to emphasize its feelings that justice has not been done its subjects. The minister, however, did not demand his passports, and the diplomatic declaration of war is for the present lacking. The case can therefore be discussed without bringing an imaginary Italian fleet into New York harbor. No secret is made by the state department officials that the course of the Italian government was a surprise. Baron Fava had made representations of a vigorous kind, but no fault was found with him for that. Under similar circumstances a minister from the United States would have been expected to do the same thing. The minister had made known the gratification of his government at the action of the president and secretary of state in telegraphing the governor of Louisiana. So far as the federal authorities were concerned everything had been done that was due from a friendly power. But when Gov. Nichols' non-committal letter was cabled to Rome there was immediate dissatisfaction. The Rudini ministry understands the state and federal relations of the United States government well enough to see the difficulty of the case. At the same time it took the ground that if the federal government could not be held directly responsible there was no chance of reparation. Officially it knew that certain Italians, some of whom were admitted to be subjects of King Humbert, after having been acquitted of murder, had been taken from the jail and hanged, if not by the connivance at least without resistence by the local authorities."

When Secretary Blaine telegraphed Gov. Nichols in regard to the outrage, the last named official, after many days delay, sent an equivocal letter, which bordered closely on insolence of tone. The grand jury's action in the case of the murder mob was slow, and the expressions of some citizens of New Orleans in regard to Italians in general, were not calculated to appease the very natural anger of Italy, which conceived itself insulted and outraged in the persons of its slaughtered subjects, whether they were guilty or innocent. Now we find ourselves on the edge of a war with a very powerful naval nation. The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent says:

"It is true that next to Great Britain the Italian navy is one of the most powerful in the world. While the last congress has been criticised by a certain school of partisan economists for voting money to give the United States a half-way decent navy, debt ridden Italy has built up a fleet that is really formidable. Some of its vessels—notably the Duilio and Dandola—are more powerful than any other vessels in existence. On the two ships mentioned are mounted 100-ton guns, the English and Italian governments being the only powers that have put such heavy guns afloat. The Italian navy consists of twenty two heavily armored vessels, their displacement ranging from 4 300 tons to 14 000 tons; fifty unarmored vessels of from 740 tons to 3,700 tons; four gunboats of from 250 tons to 500 tons; six smaller gunboats; one hundred first class torpedo boats; and an ample force of transports and dispatch boats. In addition to this great array there are at least nine merchant steamers of more than 3,000 tons on the auxiliary list, and of these three have been fitted for torpedo launching."

None of the great Italian line of battle ships could pass the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi, because they draw 30 feet at least, while twenty feet is the depth of water at that point. Therefore, New Orleans is comparatively safe, but not so with our greater seaboard cities. The same correspondent says on that aspect of the question:

"It is presumed that the Italians, knowing this, would make their attack on New York, where, by anchoring off Sandy Hook, they might do some damage if their big guns prove what they are cracked up to be. But the probabilities are that they would not find the New York harbor so defenseless as the general public thinks it is. There has been a good deal of secret work going on of late by the engineer corps in the way of submarine matters that will surprise many if the occasion arises for the army to show its hand. Some students of scientific warfare are confident the arrival of a hostile fleet would be prevented by torpedo flotillas which would blow the vessels out of existence before they could levy an indemnity of $500,000,000 or so on New York City."

All this is very fine in theory, and there are some of our ultra brave citizens who say we can fight and whip all Europe. Well we might be able to do that fighting for our liberty and independence, but we do not want to fight all Europe, or any part of Europe, on a question of disreputable mob violence. Also we may say, by way of no harm, that the very brave parties who are spoiling for a fight with all Europe, might be among the first to purchase substitutes if war came in earnest to our doors.

This mob violence in America must be put down by the government the same as any other species of disorder and crime. Otherwise, if our mobs take a notion to attack Britishers, Frenchmen, Russians, Germans or Swedes, we will in reality have all Europe on our hands, and that, too, in an exceedingly bad cause. Our Knownothings must learn that powerful European governments will not allow their subjects in this country to be murdered with impunity. In the matter of defending and asserting the rights of their citizens in foreign lands, they are much ahead of our own, which rarely lifts a finger to aid an American citizen abroad. Let us, as a nation, try and be sensible. If any body of men, native or naturalized, cannot live in peace with their neighbors of other races in this country, they ought to change their residence and not annoy or embarrass this government.

WHAT does "Objector" Holman now think of his opposition in congress to the creation of a strong navy? But, then, Indiana is out of range of the great European ironclads.

THE American inventor had better set to work on the construction of some contrivance to blow the (possibly) hostile war ships out of the water. Captain Paul Boyton ought to do something in that line.

THE venerable father of the Rev. Father Flannigan, of this city, died recently at his home in Norway, Mich.

MRS MARY EGAN, mother of the Rev. Dominick Egan, and of Mr. James J. Egan, a leading architect of this city, died at the residence of Father Egan, St. Stephen's parish, last Wednesday, at an advanced age. She was an exemplary Catholic lady, and her death is greatly lamented.

FIVE FOR MAYOR.

An Independent Democrat Airs His Views on the Political Situation in This City.

His Ideas Respecting the Various Candidates.

[*To the Editor.*]

As an independent Democrat, who believes primarily in the Jeffersonian principle of government, I beg leave to call your attention, and that of your readers, to the present political situation in Chicago.

There are five candidates for mayor in the field, the list begining with "Tommy" Morgan, whose total unfitness for the office he seeks is so much a matter of notoriety that it would be a superfluous task to dwell upon it. Next comes Elmer Washburn, ex chief of police of this city. That gentleman is placed in the arena by the worst, the most bigoted combination of political knaves and cranks that Chicago has ever known. He is totally out of the question.

Then comes DeWitt C. Cregier, the incumbent of the mayoral chair. I have nothing against him personally or otherwise, except that I think he favored his own relatives a little too much in the distribution of municipal patronage, and that he has not taken sufficient care of the interests of the people in the poorer sections of the city. Everybody acknowledges that the condition of the greater part of our streets and alleys is simply abominable. I might forgive him all this, however, but to vote for Mr. Cregier is only throwing votes away, because, under such circumstances, and with another and equally popular Democratic candidate in the field, Mr. Cregier cannot be elected. My Democratic brethren may as well make up their minds to this right now.

The Hon. Carter Harrison is, by universal acknowledgment, an able business man and a dashing orator. His fine personal appearance and urbane manners make him, most deservedly, a favorite with many who never did, and never can, agree with him in politics and other matters. Mr. Harrison threw away the Democratic nomination when Roche ran for mayor, and left the Democratic party the choice of either voting for the Republican candidate or for Nelson, the Socialist. When it came to that dilemma, the Democrats, greatly to their credit, voted for Roche. I was one of the Democrats who wanted Harrison to stay in the field, because I liked him personally and believed he could be elected; but, like many other Democrats, I can never forgive his desertion of us in that crisis. All he can do in the present fight is to beat both Mr. Cregier and himself. No sensible Democrat can throw his vote away on either Cregier or Harrison as the matter now stands. If the election of either was possible I would vote for Cregier, because he had the pluck to stand by his party.

But there is an honorable way for Democrats of independent and liberal mind out of the whole difficulty. The Republican party has placed Mr. Hempstead Washburne in the field. He is a comparatively young, but by no means untried, man, and he has already twice served the city as its elected attorney with conspicuous ability. He is assailed by the United Order of Deputies, and their allies who are sustaining Elmer Washburn, because his wife happens to be of Irish descent and of Catholic faith. Now, to be honest about the matter, I personally would prefer to vote for a Democratic mayor, but when the election of a Democrat is practically impossible, I am going to vote for Mr. Hempstead Washburne, because I have faith in his honesty, his liberality and his ability. I know he will deal justly by all men, and wrong or oppress no one, because of creed, color or politics. I respectfully advise my fellow Democrats, of independent mold, to be wise in time and cast their votes for Hempstead Washburne, the candidate of the People as well as of the Republicans.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRAT.

Chicago, April 2, 1891.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

An enthusiastic meeting in support of Mr. Parnell was held in Kildysart on March 16. Contingents attended from the following centres in Clare; Kilrush, Coolmane, Labasheeda, Ballycorie, Whitestown, Lisheen, Ballincollig, and Crathe.

A large meeting was held in Mullinavat on March 15, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the National League in the interest of Mr. Parnell.

Edward Monks, of Drogheda, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, committed suicide in a cheap lodging house on the Bowery, New York, recently.

John Sexton, poor law guardian of Donogan, Clare, and a man named Patrick Griffin, of Cloonlaheen, were walking home from Miltownmalbay, when they were fired at from behind a furze covered wall at Corduff, the bullet passing in front of them. No arrests have been made.

Mr. M. O'Dea died recently at Menlough, county Galway, the residence of his brother, Rev. John O'Dea, C. C. Deceased was a talented and promising student of Maynooth College, Second Divinity Class.

On March 17 the Very Rev. Dr. White, P.P., V.G., Kilrush, received a letter from Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P. He stated that the landlord of the Vandeleur estate thought one year's rent sufficient compensation to the evicted tenants. In consequence of this letter and another from Mr. Gill, M.P., to the Rev. Father McKenna, a meeting of the tenants was held at which the Very Rev. Dr. White, P.P., V.G., occupied the chair. The other clergymen of the town and most of the evicted tenants were among those present. The chairman having dealt with the letter in an able speech, in which he stated that the tenants strongly resisted any attempted violation of Sir Charles Russell's award, the meeting was then adjourned to enable the evicted tenants living in outside parishes to be present.

A hurriedly called meeting of the supporters of Mr. Parnell was held in Tynan's hotel, Carlow, on Sunday evening, after the insulting meeting of the paid and imported seceders. The proceedings lasted only a few minutes, but in that short space of time a sum of £40 was subscribed and forwarded to the *Freeman's Journal* in sustainment of the cause of an independent Irish parliamentary party, and as a protest against the hypocratical masquerading of Carlow whigs in the name of Carlow nationalists.

At the Balla March fair the prices obtained for cattle were fully 40 shillings under last year.

On March 9 in Omagh, John Knox McClintock, high sheriff of the county of Tyrone, accompanied by Geo. A. Rogers, Esq., sat in the county court house when James Crosbie, Esq., clerk of the crown, empanelled the following grand jury for the county: Colonel J. C. J. Lowery, D. L., foreman; James Bruce, Esq., D. L., J. P.; Ankatell Moutry, Esq., D. L.; Colonel Harvey Knox Browne, D. L.; William F. Black, J. P., D. L.; Charles Scott, Esq., J. P.; Robert Harvey, Esq., J. P.; Robert Samuel Smyth, Esq., J. P.; A. H. R. Sprole, Esq. J. J.; Major H. G. S. Alexander, J. P.; Hunt Walshe Chambre, Esq., J. P.; William G. Robinson, Esq.; Hugh Adair, Esq. J. P.; James Brown, Esq., J. P.; Colonel Robert Hawkes Ellis, J. P.; Emerson T. Heardman, Esq., D. L.; Col. Deane Mann, J. P.; Francis Porter Gunning, Esq., J. P.; William King Edwards, Esq. J. P.

Two laborers, named Duffy and Gillern had a quarrel on the Parnell question near Oldcastle. Duffy is in jail and Gillern in Oldcastle Workhouse hospital.

On March 7 Mrs. O'Neill, 29 Lower Clanbrassil street, Dublin, gave birth to triplets, two sons and a daughter. Mother and children are doing well. The father, but lately invalided from the Metropolital police, is in an advanced state of consumption, and an inmate of the hospital for the incurables, Donnybrook. Dr. Wynne, of Aungier street, who attended the mother, is taking steps to secure for her the usual Queen's bounty.

Andrew Doohan, found guilty of a severe assault on Michael Regan while returning from Ballaghadereen fair, was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment with hard labor.

At the assizes lately held in Waterford Justice O'Brien alluded to the present bridge in Waterford, and recommended that it be replaced by a free bridge. This bridge had resisted by personal and private interests, the advance of civilization. It was made by a foreign engineer who made many other bridges in Ireland, and amongst them the bridge that crosses the Foyle at Derry, but the result had been greatly different. The enterprise of the north of Ireland had for a long time removed what is always a bar to civilization—a toll bridge in a commercial community. Since then prosperity of the town of Derry had largely increased, and the enterprise of its inhabitants were thus renewed.

Steps are being taken to erect a memorial church to the late Most Rev. Dr. McHale, archbishop of Tuam, in his native parish of Adergoole. It is in commemoration of his centenary, which occurs this year. It is to be built at Tubbernevine, his birthplace, under the shadow of historic Nephin. Father O'Donohoe, P. P., is going to the United States in April to collect for it.

On St. Patrick's Day two sermons were preached in the parish church, Castlebar, by Father Purcell, C. P., Sligo, in aid of the charities dispensed by the nuns.

The second volume of Mr. John T. Gilbert's "Calendar of the Dublin Archives," which will very soon be issued, will refer to the Elizabethan epoch.

Miss Mary Ellen Stafford, one of the most respected inhabitants of the district, died recently at Ballinaroon, Co. Waterford, aged 64 years.

Mr. Thomas Cochrane, for 24 years master of Castlecomer workhouse, left with his son and daughter for America on March 11.

Mr. Francis Stafford's establishment, Mullingar, was burned to the ground on March 11.

On March 8 the leading Parnellites of Malin, on account of a move having been made the previous Sunday to start a Federation branch in the district, determined that action should be taken, and invited Mr. P. Crampsey, Derry, and Mr. P. Doherty, president of the Donagh branch of the Irish National League, to come and address the people on the necessity of organization towards closing up the national ranks. After last mass a meeting was held on an eminence near the Catholic church, to which Messrs. Crampsey and Doherty were accompanied by nearly all the local committee of the Irish National League and a large number of sympathizers. A resolution of confidence in Mr. Parnell was moved by Mr. Collins, seconded by Mr. Henry McLaughlin. At this juncture the Rev. William McLaughlin, who had denounced the meeting from the altar at the eleven o'clock mass, came out of the church in his soutane, bareheaded, and called on the people to go home. They seemed unwilling to do so, and remained a short distance away. Mr. Crampsey, addressing the reverend gentleman (who did not reply), referred to the fact of his having several letters from America, notably from Boston and Philadelphia, where the writers stated their conviction that Mr. Parnell only was capable of leading the Irish people. A resolution was finally passed pledging the meeting to increased activity in reorganizing the Nationalist forces in Malin. The proceedings then terminated.

Oh, from the lordly bullock, sir, down to the Yorkshire hog,
Britannia's pleasant farm-yard is pleasantly agog;
The royal beasts are quite content, the curs bark merrily,
And heifers roam in bliss the fields from London to the sea;
And at the feet of what is called the mightiest of thrones
Both Peer and Hodge kneel down this hour upon their marrow-bones!
Yes, there is joy unbounding among the loyal kine,
And heart and soul go out today in speeches asinine,
For in the law of nature, sir, it now has come to pass
That, like the cows of low degree, the queen has gone to Grasse.

VERY HOT SHOT

Fired at the Knownothings, Otherwise the Devil's Own Deputies, by John F. Finerty, at Bricklayers' Hall

He Defies American Principles, and Denounces the U. O. De as Rebels, Traitors and Conspirators.

At the request of many friends and readers of THE CITIZEN, several of them Democrats, the speech of Mr. Finerty, delivered at Bricklayers' Hall, Monroe and Peoria streets, last Saturday evening, is given in substance below. The other speakers were Mr. Hempstead Washburne and Stephen A. Douglas:

MR FINERTY'S SPEECH.

After some preliminary remarks Mr. Finerty said that there was something more than a mere change of municipal administration at stake in the present election. There was also at stake the great American constitutional principle of civil and religious liberty, which guaranteed to all citizens equal rights under the laws of the republic. [Continued applause] The man who would oppose, or deny, or conspire against, those rights was a rebel, a traitor and a dastard. [Loud and prolonged cheers] He was a rebel, because he rebelled against the fundamental principle of America's declaration of independence, that all men are born equal, and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He was a traitor, because he betrayed the trust reposed in him as a citizen, and virtually declared war against the Declaration of 1776, the Constitution of 1789—the principles of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. [Prolonged applause] He was a dastard, because, under cover of darkness, and, skulking like an assassin, he basely conspired against the God and constitution given rights of his Catholic fellow-citizen, and sought to degrade him to the level of an alien helot. [Loud cheers.]

Such was the character of the founders and organizers of the infamous body known as the United Order of Deputies, otherwise the American League. It was an outrage to associate the honored and honorable American name with such a set of "fee faw fums." [Cheers and laughter.] Some people out in the campaign spoke of those fellows with bated breath. He (Mr. Finerty) felt no obligation to do so. Every vote of theirs would be against Hempstead Washburne in any case, but even if any of their votes could be gained by cringing he (Mr. Finerty) would not be a party to any such mean, cowardly and unprincipled policy. [Prolonged cheers.] He had never yet, whether as a candidate or the advocate of candidates, truckled to treason or to bigotry. [Loud applause.] He knew Mr. Hempstead Washburne too well to doubt his loyalty, liberality and manhood, but a little piping voice of timid admonition had come to him (the speaker) from a certain quarter—a quarter for which Mr. Washburne could not be held responsible—warning him to "go light on the Deputies" [Cheers and laughter]; saying that he (Mr. Finerty) had been too harsh with them, and had called them, on the preceding night, "Deputies of the Devil." [Great cheering and laughter.] It was hinted that he ought to soften his expressions in regard to those poor, dear sensitive Deputies of the Devil. [Renewed laughter.] Well he (the speaker) was ever inclined to be courteous and magnanimous. He would not wound the feelings of even the most undeserving willingly. [Laughter] He would soften his expressions; he would make an abject apology, if they would. He would apologize in fact not to the Deputies but to the Devil [Cheering and uproarious laughter] for having associated the name of his satanic majesty with such despicable bigots. [Prolonged cheering.] The Devil certainly was bad, but there was a sulphuric grandeur about his wickedness that utterly blotted out the farthing tallow dip of the United Order of Deputies. [Applause.]

Had it, indeed, come to this, under the free government of the United States, that a man could neither worship at the Catholic altar, nor even marry a Catholic wife, without being politically proscribed? If that were the case, what became of their boasted American liberty of conscience? The Pope was the great bugbear. When did the Pope meddle in American politics, and if he did meddle, what would his interference avail? Catholics revered the Pope as a spiritual, not as a temporal potentate. None but a very ignorant class of the American population could believe that the Pope had any influence whatever in our politics. He would like to see the Pope, for instance, come out and command the Democratic Irish boys of the old Eighth ward to vote the Republican ticket. [Great laughter and cheering] They might vote it for him (Mr. Finerty) or some of them, at least, but, politically, his Holiness could not move them a hair's breadth. Neither could he move the speaker or such other Irish American Catholics as were going to support Hempstead Washburne if he (the Pope) were to declare against that candidate. [Cheers.]

The whole matter of alleged papal interference was only a pretext and a snare on the part of the knaves, fools and tools who made up the United Order of Deputies. Many of the latter had never renounced the English she-pope, who claimed their allegiance. [Applause and "That's so."] They might take what oaths they pleased, but their original sentiments remained unchanged, and they carried out their ancient policy of proscription and bigotry as they had done in Great Britain and Ireland during more remote and barbarous ages. With such persons he (Mr. Finerty) would have no treaty, commerce or compromise of any kind. They might call him rash, belligerent or impolitic if they so desired, but they could not call him either untruthful or dishonest. Bigotry might malign him, jealousy might assail him, even in the ranks of the Republican party which he had fought for on principle, but no malice, no misrepresentation, no jealousy could make him false to the principle of civil and religious liberty—the glory of the American Constitution—which looked upon and dealt alike with the Presbyterian and the Catholic, the Episcopalian and the Methodist, the Baptist and the Unitarian, the Jew and the Gentile. [Prolonged cheers] How dared any man—any set of men—seek to plant on American soil the demon seeds of race and religious faction?

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneels not before the same altar with me?
From the Catholic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a less orthodox kiss?
Oh, perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Truth, valor and love by a standard like this!

[Great cheering]

There were two flags above his head (the American and the Irish) and in the storm of battle how well, how gallantly they went together! The illustrious Gen Miles had told the public on St. Patrick's night at the Auditorium, the thrilling story of Antietam, where five times those flags rose and fell together, as the color bearers were killed by the storm of bullets that rained from the rebel racks, until, at length, the enemy's centre was pierced and the victory was achieved. [Applause.] What defender of the Union could then tell whether it was Catholic or Protestant, American or Irish blood that flowed in the sunken road of that famous field, in the cause of truth, justice and national integrity? Did the government of the United States fling his Catholicity in the face of William Stark Rosecrans, when he hurled back the battalions of Gen. Bragg at Stone River? [Applause.] Did it fling his religion in the face of Phil Sheridan when that heroic Catholic soldier smote the victorious legions of Early at Cedar Creek? [Great cheering] There were veterans of the Army of the West in the hall, many of them Protestants, did they refuse to follow the immortal William Tecumseh Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, because his wife was a devout member of the Catholic church? [Enthusiastic cheering]

As to the question of foreign birth, had they forgotten the French, the Polish, the German, the Scotch and the Irish heroes who fought for America in the days of the Revolution? Could they name a single really great American who had been a Knownothing? Did not Schurz and Siegel and Hecker and Shields fight as loyally for the Union as Americans themselves? When our navy, such as it was, lay blockaded in our rivers in the days of the Rebellion, was it not the inventive brain of John Ericson, the honest Scandinavian, who conceived the wonderful monitors, and who gave us power to defend the flag upon the seas? [Loud cheers] In all his experience in the United States he (the speaker) had never met a true American—a man loyal to the great institutions of his country—who was a proscriptionist or a bigot. There were men who called themselves Americans who were narrow and intolerant, but, when investigated, they generally proved to be mere masqueraders and pretenders. He called all liberal American citizens fellow-countrymen [applause] without distinction of race or color or creed [loud cheers]; but he denied the right of men who were unfaithful to the spirit of the laws, and to the institutions of the country, to be designated by the noble name of citizen. [Applause] If any party wanted such allies, it could retain them, it could solicit them to support it, but, eventually, they would bring confusion to its councils and ruin to its ranks. [Applause] As to the loyalty of alien born citizens and Catholics, he could multiply other instances, but those presented would suffice for the principle of the argument. An American Protestant gentleman, running for the office of mayor, was threatened with vengeance by the bigots to whom he (the speaker) had referred because his wife is a Catholic. Would they stand such a political outrage as that? [Cries of "Never."] Then, let them go forth in their might and their manhood, under the Constitution and the flag, and at the polls on April 7, trample the banner of bigotry and intolerance in the dust, and maintain the honor of the party which, having stricken the shackles from the limbs of the southern bondsmen would refuse to impose other chains on the privileges of the Catholic citizen. [Long continued cheering]

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK O'BRIEN.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien, a venerable and much respected citizen, died at his residence, No. 572 West Twelfth street, after a comparatively brief illness, on March 19, in the 73d year of his age. He was born near Tralee, county Kerry, Ireland, and came to the United States in 1863, first settling at White Lake, Mich., where he engaged in the lumber business. He visited Ireland in 1870, and remained for about a year among his old friends and neighbors in beautiful Kerry. He returned to White Lake and remained there until 1880, when he transferred his residence to this city. He soon afterward retired from active part in business, which he left in charge of his sons, one of whom is Mr. John O'Brien, of the firm of O'Brien, Green & Co., lumber dealers, No 2428 Main street. Some of the younger O'Briens are engaged in the same calling at Winona, Minn. Three daughters of Mr. O'Brien entered the convent. Mr. Patrick O'Brien was a devoted Irish Nationalist, a sincere Catholic and an excellent American citizen. The funeral occurred on Sunday morning, March 21, from the family residence to the Holy Family (Jesuit) church and was very largely attended, a great many old citizens being among those present. At the conclusion of the religious services, the honored remains were reconveyed to the hearse, and were escorted by an immense cortege to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest.

DR. P. H. M'ELROY.

A well known practising physician of Chicago, Dr. P H. McElroy, died at his residence, No. 6201 Wabash avenue, last Tuesday morning. Death resulted from typhoid pneumonia, which, as usual, was preceded by an attack of "grip." Dr. McElroy was born of Irish parents in Quebec, Canada, in 1826, and came to the United States in his 29 h year. He studied medicine in this city, graduated, with distinguished ability, at Rush Medical College, and practised medicine with great success up to the time of his fatal illness. The Doctor, although not a native of Ireland, was sincerely attached to the cause of the land of his forefathers, and did all that lay in his power to aid it. He leaves a widow and one son, Louis I. McElroy, a very promising young man, to mourn a good husband and a fond father. The funeral occurred from the residence to St. Bernard's Catholic church, Stewart avenue and Sixty fifth street, on Thursday morning. After requiem mass had been celebrated, the remains were escorted by a large cortege to the Northwestern depot, whence cars were taken to Calvary cemetery.

MARCHING SONG OF THE LEAGUE.

BY THOMAS S. CLEARY.

Air: "Marching Through Georgia."

Plant it on the rampart, boys, fling out each tattered fold,
In prompt and proud defiance, as ye did in days of old;
Show the world the standard that the traitors would have sold,
The National flag of Old Ireland!

Chorus—
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag of Ireland's League!
Hurrah! Hurrah! 'twill flutter o'er intrigue;
'Twill lead us on to victory, whatever the fatigue,
The National flag of Old Ireland!

Show the flag that fluttered over many a battered town,
Show the flag that tyranny could never yet cut down!
Show the flag that led us from disaster to renown!

Chorus—
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag of Ireland's League!
Hurrah! Hurrah! 'twill flutter o'er intrigue;
'Twill lead us on to victory, whatever the fatigue,
The National flag of Old Ireland!

Ye Irish of the Hillside and ye Irish of the Glen,
Say, will ye act as mice today, or will ye act as men?
Or will ye let your ancient Flag be seized and sold again?
The National Flag of Old Ireland.

Chorus—
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Flag of Ireland's League!
Hurrah! Hurrah! 'twill flutter o'er intrigue;
'Twill lead us on to victory, whatever the fatigue,
The National Flag of Old Ireland.

Say—if men of influence and wealth in days of yore
Were those who stood so faithfully around the chapel door?
Or were they those who nobly for the *soggarths* dyed in gore,
The National Flag of Old Ireland?

Chorus—
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Flag of Ireland's League!
Hurrah! Hurrah! 'twill flutter o'er intrigue;
'Twill lead us on to victory, whatever the fatigue,
The National Flag of Old Ireland.

—*United Ireland.*

IRISH NEWS.

Three women received a great fright while sitting in a house in Brady's court, Cumberland street, Kingstown, on the night of March 16, by the appearance, as they allege, of the ghost of a man named John Hammond. About midnight Constables 109 F and 30 F brought a young woman named Mary Doyle to St. Michael's Hospital suffering from an incised wound on the forehead. She stated that she had been sitting at the fire with three other women about 12 o'clock, and they were talking about a man named John Hammond, who had been buried out of the house that day, when she was struck by a cup which caused the wound. There was no person in the house except the women, neither of whom threw the cup, which appeared to come from an inner room just as she mentioned the name of the deceased. The constables on returning to Brady's court found another of the women (Mary Gowan) lying on the floor in an unconscious state. She was conveyed to St. Michael's Hospital, and on recovery said that she had been caught by the hair, but did not see anyone. She believed it was the ghost, John Hammond, did it. Mary Gibbons also fainted, but recovered without having to be taken to the hospital. She stated that she had seen the ghost. The constable searched the house, but could not find anyone, and if the matter was a practical joke it was well carried out, and was very near having serious effect. A man named Cooper was found in an unconscious state and brought to the hospital during the morning. The police are investigating the matter.

The McCarthyites could not get up a meeting in Kildysart on March 15, although it was announced at all the masses and placarded extensively. Abraham and O'Keefe, M.Ps, were to have been the orators.

At the sale of the extensive and valuable library of the late W. H. Crawford, of Lakelands, Cork, the "Itinerary" of the Rev. Thomas Carve, the Irish chaplain to the British and Irish detachment of Wallenstein's army, was sold to a dealer for £13. Carve's "Lyra Sive Anacepha'œosis Hibernia," with portraits of Charles I and King Donatus O'Brien, a very rare book, in vellum, realized only £2 2s.

Nearly all members of parliament hailing from or representing Ireland, wore the shamrock in the house of commons on St. Patrick's Day. The only exceptions to the rule were Smith Barry, Justin McCarthy, and Colonel Waring. Lord Donoughmore, who had just returned from South America, wore a bunch of shamrock as large as a cauliflower.

On the night of March 12 snow fell heavily in the south of Ireland.

Rev. Father Grenan, C. C., Waterford, died on March 14

The National League delegates assembled at Killea, Waterford, under the presidency of Rev. Maurice Flynn, P. P., on March 8, and expressed their determination to fight the old fight under the old banner of Mr. Parnell. The following branches joined in the declaration: Thos Sexton (Waterford), Corbally, Crook, Killea, Tramore and Knockboy.

PERSONAL.

The Durango, Col., *Herald*, of March 27, announces the death at that place, on the preceding day, of the bright little daughter of the Hon. and Mrs. Richard McCloud. The afflicted parents have our most heartfelt sympathy in their harrowing bereavement.

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION.

Sir Chas. Gavan Duffy Tells All He Knows About It in a Graphic Letter from Nice.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Old Tenant Right League.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy writes from Nice to the *Freeman's Journal*:

"I rarely address the newspapers on questions affecting any personal feeling or interest of my own, but in the latest *Freeman's Journal* there is a statement which I feel bound to correct. In Mr. Parnell's speech at Navan he says:

"'I have to go back to the days of Frederick Lucas, who, as your representative, first planted the banner of independent opposition which I see before me, and which I have faithfully upheld, and it was after a long interval, at the beginning of which that banner had been torn from the hands of Frederick Lucas by an alliance between the Whigs of Ireland and some of those men who ought to have known better, and whom I shall not particularize—some of whom today attempted to perpetuate that alliance, and endeavored to bring us back to the evil times of 1852 (meaning, doubtless, 1855, for in 1852 Ireland sent to parliament fifty members pledged to independent opposition), when Ireland was left by Gavan Duffy, despairing of the future like a corpse on the dissecting table.'

"It has been attributed to me more than once before that when I left Europe in 1855 I declared that Ireland was like a corpse on a dissecting table; but I never said so. What I said was essentially different. I described the condition of the country at that time, when Dr. Cullen was the embodiment of ecclesiastical authority, and Mr. William Keogh the great tribune of the people, followed wherever he went by huzzaing crowds and popular benedictions, when the party of independent opposition was reduced by intrigue and corruption from fifty to five, and for three years had not won a single election, when the great constituencies of Tipperary, Cork and Galway furnished the English minister with his most servile agents, when patriotic and energetic priests were banished to penal parishes or forbidden to exercise the ordinary rights of freemen in the parishes where they resided, when the metropolis sent only a single priest to the meetings of the league, I declared that 'till all this be changed there is no more hope for the Irish cause than for a corpse on the dissecting table.' I added that, though I had utterly failed to change it, I "did not doubt of the final triumph of the cause, which would be to despair of God's justice," but that I was persuaded while the existing conditions remained success was impossible. And so it proved. The evil conditions were not changed, and for more than twenty years Ireland lay at the nadir of misery and helplessness.

"What Mr. Parnell says of independent opposition reminds me that, though he has had the good fortune to apply the principle under more favorable conditions and with more striking success than any of his predecessors, he has never understood its origin. Half a dozen years ago he stated that 'Mr. Butt was the founder of independent opposition.' But Mr. Butt, so far from being its founder, was its bitter opponent to his dying day; and when he became parliamentary leader insisted on the members for Cavan (who had been pledged to the principle by their constituents) repudiating it as something false and wicked. A few years ago Mr. Justin M'Carthy affirmed that Mr. Parnell was the first man to put the principle of independent opposition into action. But this statement was as inaccurate as the other. The principle was both formulated and put into action before either Mr. Butt or Mr. Parnell had any authority in Irish affairs. In his evidence before the special commission, Mr. Parnell stated that he learned the principle from the action of Lucas and Duffy, the leaders of the Tenant League party, and aimed to carry it farther under more favorable conditions.

"Let me state how the principle was first promulgated, and a few years later first put into operation. It was promulgated in 1847. The council of the Irish confederation directed that a report should be drawn up 'on the best method of accomplishing the repeal of the Union.' Smith O'Brien and I were respectively authorized to draw up such a report, and O'Brien's being finally withdrawn, mine was submitted for debate. A call of the council was ordered, and the report was considered clause by clause during two weeks. Almost every member of the council whose name remains in the public memory—Dillon, Meagher, M'Gee, O'Hagan, O'Gorman, Pigot, Doheny, and the rest—adopted and supported it. Only two notable members—Mitchel and Reilly—preferred to rely on immediate insurrection; not denying that the plan might succeed but that it was too slow for the emergency. This plan was independent opposition. Many people have pronounced that whatever has since been accomplished for Ireland was won on the lines there laid down. A week or two before the rupture of the Irish party, the publisher of the memoirs of Thomas Davis sent me a review of that book containing similar evidence from an unexpected quarter. *United Ireland* declared that there was a remarkable resemblance between my plan and what has been done by the Irish party.

"The principle was tried in three parliaments three years later under the Tenant League. By a tremendous effort the rack-rented and impoverished constituencies elected upwards of fifty members pledged to support the principles of the League. A conference, including more than forty members of parliament and about two hundred Catholic and Presbyterian clergymen, professional men and tenant farmers, was held in Dublin, and adopted the following resolution, prepared by the League:

"'That, in the unanimous opinion of this conference, it is essential to the proper management of this cause, that the members of parliament who have been returned on tenant right principles should hold themselves perfectly independent of and in opposition to all governments which do not make it a part of their policy and a cabinet question, to give to the tenantry of Ireland a measure fully embodying the principles of Sharman Crawford's bill.'

"The parliamentary supporters of this resolution finally amounted to fifty, and such a solid political force would have sufficed to settle the land question five and thirty years ago, but that Mr. William Keogh, followed by a tail of Sadliers, Scullys and O'Fiahertys, broke through his pledges like cobwebs, and accepted an inferior office in the administration which he was pledged (and, indeed, sworn) to oppose. The League members, strengthened by the vigor and eloquence of Lucas and Moore, sat and acted in independent opposition, and for a time were in the majority, but session after session the influence of a government who had bribes and promises to distribute, prevailed, and there were constant desertions. In the country a large body of the clergy still supported the League, but among the bishops, there were only two or three who did not resist it with all their strength. Every deserter returned to his constituency like Richard III, 'leaning on a bishop.' The country was so poor after nine years of famine that in the later sessions the members of the council had to defray, out of their own scanty means, the expenses of the agitation. The constituencies had dwindled away till in one county which the League contested (where there are now probably ten thousand electors), the roll had fallen to about six hundred. And it wrung the hearts of honorable men to see the painful sacrifices the people were required to make for every seat rescued from the landlords. After the treachery of Mr. Keogh was condoned by the bulk of the bishops, there did not exist, and there has I believe never existed, a man in Ireland who could save the cause from ruin. Frederick Lucas possessed more ability than Mr. Solicitor General Keogh, was a man of stronger will and infinitely profounder convictions, and, moreover, was one of the greatest Catholic publicists in Europe; but Frederick Lucas was mobbed and howled down at a purely Catholic meeting in the Rotunda for his opposition to that personage.

"When independent opposition was again tried in 1881 the essential conditions of the case had altered. The people were once more hopeful and resolute. The effects of the famine had gradually disappeared, the constituencies were considerably enlarged, and the voters were protected by the ballot. The new leaders had funds (without which so little can be done in politics), having tapped a reservoir of Irish money in America and Australia; but above all the young priests, who had been the salt of the League, were now archdeacons, deans, canons and bishops, and one of the most memorable of them was an archbishop, and had not forgotten their early convictions. The success of the Irish party was very remarkable, but if these factors were withdrawn, if the new party were relegated to the circumstances and conditions of 1855, instead of success there might have been only one more failure to chronicle."

Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Chicago Council, No. 138, Catholic Benevolent Legion, gave its fourth grand banquet and ball at the West Chicago Club House, on Tuesday evening last. Over sixty couples were present. Prof. Hand's orchestra was hidden from view on the stage by a profusion of rare flowers and plants. At precisely 10 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. John Corcoran led the grand march. Dances followed in rapid succession till about 11 o'clock, when all marched into the dining rooms, where a sumptuous supper was served. About 1 o'clock the fifteen numbers in the programme were finished, and the guests returned to their homes.

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Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY, 79 DEARBORN ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A D 1891 Mary Haynes vs. Charles Haynes. In Chancery. No 90,128.

Notice is hereby given to the said Charles Haynes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Attorneys.

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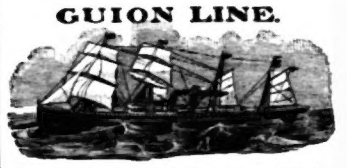

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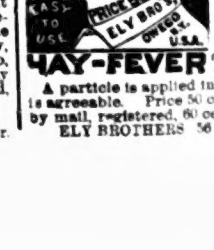

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THE HILLS OF LYNN.

We wandered down the hills of Lynn,
My love and I together;
Cicadas chanting shrill and thin
Made music all the weather;
Within the sky the lamps, like stars,
Shone in the dusk, and ruddy Mars
On his throne of fervor floated;
O love, O love, O song, lord there
Sang for us never throated.

Oh, pleasant are the hills of Lynn
In summer fervently growing,
When stars the twilight usher in;
The reapers sing at the ingathering
Come wheeling homeward through the clover,
And each one watches for the maid
To him most dear and pleasing,
While down the lane the loaded wains
Creak after lowly wheezing.

The hills of Lynn, to me so dear,
How shall I tread them lonely?
My sweet love is not with me here,
Yon moon marks one shape only,
One shadow drawn across the grass,
Where erst were two, dear love, alas!
I'd rather be there laid sleeping;
For wandering down the hills of Lynn
Alone sets me a-weeping.

The hills of Lynn, oh, the hills of Lynn,
Where we used to walk together,
I wish me dead on the hills of Lynn
At the end of the golden weather;
I wish me dead in a cold, cold shroud,
Beneath the withered clover,
For since she has gone has come a cloud
The green hill slopes over.
—Elizabeth Dupuy in Dragon Yoke.

JARED HARPWICK'S TASK

The task was brought upon Jared Harpwick by a letter which came to him one September afternoon as he sat reading on his vine shaded porch. He rose promptly, lifted his straw hat from the floor and put it on, and walked through the front gate to the pike.

Through the long village street and a half mile along the dusty pike he trudged: then, turning aside into a narrow byroad that branched off at the foot of a steep hill, he came to a rude sawmill. A stalwart man sat upon a large moving log, from which a perpendicular saw was rasping a board.

"Good afternoon, neighbor Gray," said Jared.

Gray eyed him keenly from under his shaggy brows; then rising, he walked to a lever, pulled it aside and stopped the saw.

"Sit down on the log, Jared," he said. "We can't hear each other when the saw's going. I see by your face that something unusual has happened."

"I've got a letter from Joe. He's in trouble."

"Just as I supposed. Bankrupt, I'll warrant?"

"That's about it."

"And he has written to you to get me to help him?"

"That's true; but, John, don't be angry. This matter must be considered with our coolest judgment."

"I'll not consider it with cool judgment nor any other kind. He'll get no help from me, Jared."

"Very well, John, very well; but you'll hear what the trouble is, won't you?"

"Oh, I suppose I can listen," replied the father, taking a piece of bacon from a shelf and proceeding to grease the saw.

"Well, Gray, it's a bad embarrassment. A customer bought a thousand dollars' worth of Joe's patent machines, promising to order twice as many more soon. Joe supposed he was perfectly good for it, and on the strength of this ordered two thousand dollars' worth from the man that manufactures them Well, the customer turned out bad; he didn't pay the thousand dollars, nor order more. Joe lost the machines, and owes the manufacturer two thousand dollars, which he is unable to pay.

"Joe writes that he might have stood this if a fire hadn't broken out and burned up this two thousand dollars' worth of machines."

He glanced up quickly, and caught a shade of sympathy upon the sawyer's face.

"The manufacturer is unluckily in a tight fix himself, and he is pushing the boy. Joe writes that this will ruin him, and just when his business was most promising. I tell you, Gray, it's hard on your boy."

"Well, I don't pity him a bit—not a bit. He was determined to go to the city; now let him dig for himself. I gave him a thousand dollars to start his crazy business, mortgaging our little place here, and that's enough. Mother has pinched herself and worked her fingers almost to the bone, and I have slaved early and late to pay it off, and now that it's paid, do you think I'm going right back into that struggle again?

"No, Jared, not for a boy who forgets his old mother as Joe has done. Why, he hasn't written a line—not a line—to mother or me for a year, and now, when he wants help, he writes to you, Jared.

"Does he deserve help? Just answer me that; does he deserve it? I don't want to hurry you away, but I'm going to start the saw."

He turned decisively, and pulling the lever set the saw rasping again.

"Very well, John," said Jared, coming nearer. "If that's your decision I've nothing more to say. I shall have to write to Joe that you refuse. It does seem a pity to leave him in his trouble. He's not a bad boy, but dear knows where this will drive him. Good afternoon, John."

At home he sat down upon the porch again to think it out. He knew well the character of this father and son. Since Joe had been old enough to assert himself there had been antagonism between them. The father was arbitrary in his ideas of right, the son obstinate and inclined to waywardness.

Jared's relation to the family was almost that of a son. He was to have married Sallie, the daughter, five years before, but she had been taken ill three weeks before the appointed day, and died ten days later. Her last request to Jared had been to watch over Joe as an older brother, and to help to keep him from evil ways.

"Father is growing old," she had said, "and if ever you have a chance to bring him and Joe to a good understanding do your best. I know you will do your best, Jared—even to sacrifice yourself a little, for my sake."

The final estrangement came when Joe declared that he intended to leave home. He had invented a machine for compressing sawdust into ornaments, and was wild over his prospects of wealth.

Through the mother's influence, aided by Jared, who hoped that gratitude would touch the boy's heart, the farm was mortgaged.

"Here are a thousand dollars," the father had said on the morning Joe went away. "You want to leave us, so go! This is all the help you can expect from me. If you lose it, you must shift for yourself. If you succeed, I shall look for you to pay it back. I wish you success, but I don't expect it."

No sympathy was in the words or tone, and Joe went away, feeling that there was no love for him in his father's heart.

Jared knew that Joe had been lacking in his duty to his parents. He had written enthusiastically of his prosperity, but had not offered to pay back a dollar; so there was at least a little reason for the father's refusal to help.

But something must be done. This trouble and his father's refusal would be likely to drive Joe into recklessness and ruin. As he sat upon his little porch, he almost fancied he heard Sallie telling him that here was the opportunity she had hoped for.

But he did not know what to do. He had little knowledge of business. His early life had been spent in farm toil, and subsequently a lucky rise in land values had brought him resources sufficient for a quiet, humble life.

He saw that help from the father would certainly touch the boy's heart now: but without it he felt that a hard task was before him. Sallie's request, however, was strong upon him, and he decided to go to Philadelphia next morning.

He arrived in the evening, and sought Joe's room. As he tapped he heard Joe's voice:

"Come in, fellows!"

Jared entered, and Joe, who had come half way to the door, stopped in surprise and then turned, confused, toward a table.

It was too late to hide what lay upon it—cards, a box of cigars and two or three unopened bottles.

"I wasn't expecting you, Jared," Joe stammered. "I thought it was the fellows knocking."

Jared walked forward, and clasping his hand warmly said: "I see you weren't expecting me, Joe. But I'm welcome, ain't I?"

"Yes, yes—certainly. Sit down. Here, take this rocking chair, and give me your hat."

Joe was handsome, and in stature, attire and bearing a striking contrast to plain little Jared Harpwick.

"I see that I've come at a wrong time, Joe," he said, pleasantly. "Just when you're expecting company."

"Yes, you did—but don't worry about that, Jared."

"Joe, my boy, what kind of company were you expecting?"

"It wasn't good company," said Joe, recklessly. "I've just fifty dollars left of what was a prosperous business, and I don't know where more is to come from. In sheer desperation, I invited two dissipated young men here in the hope of winning more from them at cards."

"And suppose you had lost the money—what then?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"Why didn't you wait till you heard from me, Joe?"

"Well, I didn't expect any help. I knew just how father would act when you went to him—hardly listen to you, and maybe go on sawing. He never has treated me right: but, Jared, I haven't done right either. I know that now better than I ever did. I was never a good son at home, and I've been worse away."

His voice had sunk from harshness to softer tones, and as Jared, looking his sympathy, let him go on, he proceeded in words that showed that now was the time to touch his heart.

"I have thought, Jared, that if father would help me a little, now when I don't deserve it, I could feel better toward him, and we could be as a father and son should be. I should know that he thought something of me. But I can't expect it, and I'm not going to ask you what he said, for fear he has been hard on me, and to save you the trouble of telling me."

"I've come with help, Joe," said Jared, "and I"——

A loud, confident knock interrupted. Joe opened the door and stepped into the hall. Jared heard him explain that he "could not have the game." There were angry expostulations in unsteady voices.

By and by Joe returned, and he and Jared talked long into the night, Joe telling the circumstances of his failure.

"I've come to try to help you," said Jared, "and tomorrow I'll call upon your creditor and see what arrangement can be made."

"I would go with you," said Joe, "but we had a quarrel the other day, and I guess I used pretty hard language. He says he'll not see me again, and is pushing me now harder than before."

"I'll go alone, then, Joe."

"If you succeed, Jared, I promise you I'll try to be better to father, to compensate him for this!"

A shade passed over Harpwick's face, and he did not reply.

Next morning he went to see the manufacturer, and Joe met him anxiously on his return.

"I've arranged for the payment of your debt," said Jared, quietly, "and the manufacturer agrees to furnish you fifty machines, on time, to start again with. You are on your feet once more."

"God bless father!" cried Joe. "I'll write him a letter thanking him for his goodness."

"No, Joe," said Jared, knitting his eyebrows a little, "I wouldn't if I were you. Let me report it to him."

"Very well, Jared; but I'll go home in two weeks for a visit, and I hope we can meet then as father and son should meet."

Jared went home, and next day he again trudged out to the sawmill. Gray was rolling a log into place.

"John," Jared began, "Joe is on his feet again."

"He didn't deserve it, Jared," he replied glumly, picking a cluster of lichen from the log.

"And he is coming home to see you in two weeks."

He saw the old man crush down his pleasure and his effort in making the incredulous response, "We'll see him when he comes."

He showed no curiosity to know how the matter had been adjusted, and Jared left him.

The two weeks brought the evening of Joe's arrival. Jared met him at the little station and walked with him toward home. They heard the rasping of the saw from a distance, and as they went nearer Joe's eagerness to clasp his father's hand and enter upon a closer relation impelled him to start ahead.

Jared quickly caught him by the arm and said: "Joe, I wouldn't—say anything to him about the money. A word might ruin my hopes. Just act as if there had been no trouble."

The father sat upon a log, and they came quite near before he heard them. He hastily arose. Joe sprang forward, extended his hand and said:

"Father, I've come back to be a son to you."

It had been two years since they met, and Jared, anxiously watching Gray now, saw the old hardness come to his face. But as the father looked upon his boy he saw a manlier look than he had seen before, and a look of regret and hope as well.

The hardness was driven from Gray's face, and clasping his son's hand in his he said, with tears starting, "Joe, Joe you're welcome home, and I'm your father!"

Gray turned quickly and stopped the saw. Then, hurrying to the end of the mill, he called loudly, "Mother! mother!"

His wife soon appeared, hurrying as if she feared an accident had taken place. Joe was hiding behind Jared, but the old father caught him by the arm and asked joyfully:

"Mother, who is this?"

"Joe!" she cried: "my son!"

"And mine, mother; and all forgiven and forgotten."

They walked toward their little home, but Jared said goodby very strangely, the three thought, and turned away.

He stopped after taking a few steps and called Joe to him:

"I wouldn't say anything until tomorrow, my boy," he said in low tones. "It might spoil it all. It's glorious that this has been brought about."

He turned away, and the three, watching him, thought he had never looked so sad and lonely since he lost Sallie.

Next day Joe and his father went to town to see Jared. Their rap at his cottage brought a stranger to the door.

"Jared Harpwick?" he replied. "Why, don't you know that he has sold his place here and left this morning on the early train? I thought every one knew it here. But are you John Gray? Harpwick left a note that he wanted me to give you."

He brought it, and the old man read:

DEAR JOHN—I have lost all my money, except a very little, and am going far into the west to begin life again. God bless you and Joe. Always be kind to him. He is a good boy at heart. Goodby. JARED.

Father and son turned to each other, knowing then how Jared had performed his task.—H. M. Hoke in Youth's Companion.

The Peasant's Reply.

A gentleman who has recently returned from Russia relates an incident which, although trifling in itself, is yet most pathetically suggestive of the condition of the poor in Russia, and of the state of things which has bred so deep and so widespread discontent among the people.

Being about to leave some station at which he had been staying for a few days, the gentleman in question called in a moozhik—to adopt the spelling of George Kennan—to strap his trunks. The man was of enormous build, with every appearance of great strength, while the traveler is not above medium height, and while of compact mold is by no means of muscular appearance.

The trunk was rather overfull, and the task of bringing the buckle on the strap into its place was by no means a light one. The Russian tried again and again, becoming short of breath and red in the face with his efforts, while the American looked on at first in impatient silence and then with contemptuous reproaches. At length, losing patience, the traveler pushed the moozhik aside, and with a single quick effort brought the strap down and buckled it.

"There," he said, "are you not ashamed, you great big fellow, to be all this time bungling over a thing that I can do in a minute, and I only up to your shoulders?"

There was no trace of anger in the reply:

"Ah, little father, but you have had meat to eat all your life."—Boston Courier.

The Locust in History.

A belief is, or used to be, current among the Mormons, who suffered grievously from the pest, that the locust was a cross between the spider and the buffalo. In China the popular notion is that insects of this description are hatched by the sun from the spawn of fishes that are left ashore by receding waters. The history of the locust having been a series of the greatest calamities from which mankind has suffered, it is not surprising that they have been looked upon for ages with a superstitious horror.—Interview in Washington Star.

Value of English Perfumes.

Over £48,000 worth perfumed spirits, fats and essential oils are imported into this country every year, upon which a duty of 16s. 6d. per gallon is levied, representing a payment upon 60,000 gallons of condensed scents, which produce 1,000,000 gallons of perfumes, representing in value the same number of pounds sterling. To this may be added an equal quantity and value of home manufacture, making in all 2,000,000 gallons of perfumery, valued at £2,000,000, used in this country every year.—London Tit-Bits.

A WOMAN'S ODD CAPRICE

UNACCOUNTABLE, YET IT MADE HER SUPREMELY HAPPY.

A Sudden Whim Seizes Her and She Started on a Visit to New York by a Circuitous Route—She Meets a Long Lost Brother.

"My aunt, Mrs. O. P. Smith, of St. Louis, started east to visit relatives of her husband in Dutchess county," said one of those relatives, a well known railroad man. "Her direct route was by the New York Central's system to Fishkill, and that was the way the trip had been laid out. Half an hour before starting, however, Mrs. Smith surprised her husband by saying that she intended to go by the Erie route.

That would necessitate a roundabout way by New York city or by Newburg and across the Hudson, and her husband tried to argue her out of her sudden and unreasonable determination. She stoutly insisted, however, that she must go by the Erie.

"'I can't tell you why I have such an inclination to go that way,' she said; 'but I have that feeling, and I do not believe I could bring myself to go any other way.'

"Of course her husband gave in to her whim, and put it down to woman's caprice. My aunt is a native of Richmond, Va., and during the war, being about sixteen, her only sister died, and her brother was killed in the defense of Richmond. This left her without a known relative, unless the oldest one of the family, a brother, who had gone to California in 1855, was living.

"She found a home, however, with a Richmond family, who moved west after the war, where the orphan girl, whose name was Allison, subsequently met and married my Uncle Smith. She was ten years old when her brother went to California, and he was then twenty-five. She had never heard anything from him since the war broke out. Although her father died when she was but eight, she retained a vivid remembrance of his face and manner.

A STRANGE MEETING.

"At Meadville, Pa., the next morning after leaving St. Louis, my aunt kept her berth. While she was making her toilet the porter had made up the section. When she returned and sat down a sprightly but elderly man sat down in the other seat of her section and said:

"'Excuse me, madam, but I'll just drop down here while the porter fixes up things in my section. I'm only going to the next station anyway.'

"My aunt opened her mouth to reply, but she didn't speak. She simply fastened her eyes on the old man opposite. He was tall and bright eyed, with a silver gray mustache and goatee, the latter long and pointed. He wore a wide brimmed felt hat. My aunt's manner seemed to nettle him, and he exclaimed, rising:

"'If I annoy you, madam, I will go to some other seat.'

"My aunt managed to loosen her tongue then, and putting out her hand begged him to be seated. He sat down again, and my aunt looked out of the window, or at least she says she tried to, but she felt herself drawn irresistibly to look covertly at the gray bearded stranger. When the porter had arranged the stranger's section, and he arose and went to it, my aunt's eye followed him. She tried to speak to him as he went from her seat, but she didn't seem to be able to get out the words she wanted to say.

The next station was Union City. It was only half an hour's ride from Meadville, and as the train drew nearer to it my aunt says she could hardly breathe, her heart beat so, and she felt as if she must speak to the old man or die. But somehow she could not. At last the train whistled for Union City. The gray bearded man took his valise and prepared to leave his seat. The train began to slow up. The old man walked toward the front end of the car. He was passing my aunt's section.

THE RECOGNITION.

"She pressed one hand on her thumping heart and, almost choking, she touched the stranger's arm and gasped:

"'Sir, isn't your name Allison?'

"The man looked surprised and said, 'Why, yes; my name's Allison.'

"'Charles Jasper Allison?'

"'Yes,' said the stranger, looking still more surprised.

"'Didn't your sister Carrie used to call you Jass?'

"'She did!' he exclaimed. 'But why——'

"'Oh, Jass! I'm your sister Carrie!' exclaimed my aunt, and her arms were around the old man's neck and he was holding her to his breast, while both of them sobbed like a couple of children.

"The long lost brother did not get off at Union City. He was the very image of her father when he died, my aunt said, and that is why she felt from the very first that he was her brother Jass. The brother is still a Californian, an extensive vineyardist, and while in Chicago he suddenly remembered that an old friend of his was in or near Union City, and he resolved to visit him before returning to the coast. This had occurred about half an hour before the train he was to take left Chicago, and he was just able to catch it by an extra effort.

"Suppose my aunt hadn't suddenly taken that whim to travel by the Erie? Or suppose her brother hadn't suddenly bethought him of his old friend in Union City? And how do you account for it all, anyhow?"—New York Sun.

Derivation of Two Common Words.

Our common word abridge has no connection with a bridge. It is a modification of the Greek brachus, short, through the French abreger, to shorten. Nor has mildew anything to do either with mill or dew. The word is the old High German militou, rust on corn. The likeness between mili and mel (honey) suggested a connection which resulted in the translation of the second part of the word into dew, as hinting at the substance known as honey dew.—Harper's Young People.

HELP! HELP! THE LADY FAINTS.

"'Tis the twink of an eye,
'Tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health,
To the paleness of death."

When sudden fainting spells come upon a lady, you may always suspect some uterine disturbances or trouble, or some great disorder in the circulation and nerve centers. A remedy that has always proved successful in warding off and removing the tendency to a recurrence of fainting spells—that removes the cause of them, corrects the circulation of blood, and gives to the system that even running nervous energy so essential, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and derange digestion, is a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*.

The "Prescription" is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Nothing else does as much. You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at the critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The change of Life."

Brimful of confidence in it—the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's a faith that means business, too—it's backed up by money. This is what they offer: $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. They mean it. They're willing to take the risk—they know their medicine. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it produces perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of chronic Catarrh in the Head. It's doing it every day, where everything else has failed. No matter how bad your case, or of how long standing, you can be cured. You're sure of that—or of $500. You can't have both, but you'll have one or the other.

One Among Many.

"Do you believe in fate?" he asked.

"I dunno," said the lawyer. "Why?"

"Well, I do. Æons before you and I were born somebody, somewhere, carved out our lives and fortunes."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Don't you believe it."

"That's right. You hear what I'm telling you. We're the creatures of destiny. At least I am. I don't know about you."

"What makes you think so?"

"I've been looking back over my life, and through its warp and woof I can see the same thread running from the beginning to the present time. I can see it plainly. I know it."

"How's that?"

"My mission in life is to always be the last man. There's always a long row of men before me every time. Sometimes it's longer and sometimes it's shorter, but I'm always the last of the lot."

"What do you mean?"

"Take dogs. When a dog is born somebody wants him—and gets him. Then somebody else wants him—and gets him. Then somebody else—and so on through the chain until it comes to me. Of course I want him, and get him. Now, you'd naturally suppose that somebody else would want him and get him, just as all the rest of us did. But no. I'm the last man. He's the same dog he was before, exactly as good and all that, and every time he changed hands his price got bigger. But I can't give him away. I'm the end of the chain. I'm the last man. Nobody wants him any more."

"Hard luck," said the lawyer sympathetically.

"It's the same way with everything. I buy real estate, for instance. Hundreds of men have wanted that identical piece of ground before me, and every one of them has got it. That's the trouble. Every one of them. I'm the last man again. I'm the only man left in all the world who wanted that real estate. I'm the end of the chain. I'm the last man. It's tough, but I have to stand it. The fates had a grudge against somebody when they were measuring up my string, and they took it out on me. I know it."—Chicago Post.

Magnitude of Truck Farming.

Truck farming is distinct from market gardening. It is carried on at a distance from market, water and rail transportation being necessary.

Upward of $100,000,000 is invested in this industry, the products reaching a value of $76,507,155 on farms after paying freights and commissions, and realized upon 534,440 acres of land. There are employed in this industry 216,765 men, 9,254 women and 14,874 children, aided by 75,866 horses and mules, and $8,971,206.70 worth of implements. The Norfolk district, embracing 45,375 acres, shipped products valued at $7,692,85-; south Atlantic district, 111,741 acres, products $13,183,516; Mississippi valley, 36,180 acres, products $4,979,783.

Nearly 75 per cent. of the truck produced in the United States comes from a belt of country along the Atlantic coast lying east of a line drawn from Augusta, Me., to Macon, Ga.; from southern Georgia, Alabama and Florida; along the north and south lines of railroad in the Mississippi valley from the Gulf to Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, and from the celery districts of Michigan and Ohio.

More or less of the truck, however, is produced in all the states. The following figures show the total acreage of the leading vegetables grown upon truck farms of the United States: Asparagus, 37,979; beans (string or snap), 12,807; cabbage, 77,094; kale, 2,962; spinach, 20,195; Irish potatoes, 28,046; beets, 2,420; celery, 15,3[illegible]; cucumbers, 4,721; watermelons, 114,381; other melons, 28,477; peas, 56,162; sweet potatoes, 28,621; tomatoes, 22,802; miscellaneous vegetables, 82,601.—Washington Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Tiles for Decoration.

There is nothing more satisfactory than tiles, either from an æsthetic or utilitarian view. Every one is familiar nowadays with tiles as facing to fireplaces and as hearths. The greatest objection to tiling is its cost. It is not at all a difficult matter to set tiles. One of the first essentials is that they be perfectly matched in size. There is often considerable difference in the dimensions and thickness of those of the same size and make. A facing of tiles the depth of an ordinary wainscot is very pretty and easily kept clean. When purchased by the quantity the average price of a plain white tile six inches square is only ten cents each.

A decorated or shaded tile may be purchased from twenty-five cents upward. A decorated tile alternating with a plain tile gives a very pretty effect. A medley of colors is not effective. Blue and white tiling is always pretty for a room facing. A piece of this work above the kitchen sink seems to brighten up a very dark and unattractive room. Nowhere is tiling prettier or more useful than in the bathroom, where it may form the facing of the walls and even the flooring. American manufacturers are making very attractive tiles in relief and in plain shaded effects.—New York Tribune.

A Bishop Wheeling a Barrow.

A story is told of Canon Creighton during his residence in Worcester. One day, passing down a street in one of the poorer quarters of the town, he saw an old woman endeavoring to wheel a heavy barrow filled with coal up an alley. The wheel of the barrow would not, in spite of all her feeble efforts, be forced over the edge of the parapet between the opening and the street. Canon Creighton saw the situation, deposited his umbrella in a doorway and took the old creature out of the shafts of the barrow. Then he addressed himself to the task, and in a moment more the load of fuel was trundling briskly down the alley in front of the future bishop.—Exchange.

Why They Could Not Begin.

Amy (at the football grounds)—Why don't they begin to play?

Dolley—The surgeons haven't arrived yet.—Judge.

Miss Gertie Redskins, aged 16, was found dead in a well at Bevier, Mo.

Railroad employes to the number of 3,000 held a meeting at Omaha, Neb., to protest against the governor signing the maximum rate bill.

Secretary Blaine has entirely recovered from his recent illness and was at the state department Monday for the first time in some weeks.

Mr. Betts' Cyclone Annihilator.

Mr. Edward Daniel Betts is an artist and a man with a sharp eye. He read the other day about some hunter on the plains who was pursued by a relentless cyclone. In sheer desperation the hunter turned and fired his trusty rifle at the rapidly approaching funnel shaped cloud. Instantly the wind began to lose its nerve, and in less than a minute the landscape was as beautiful as a day in June.

Mr. Betts shut himself up and wrestled with the secrets of nature. At last he struck pay gravel, and his patent is applied for.

"It is a large rubber ball filled with gun cotton or dynamite," he explained, "which will be hurled with terrific force at the advancing cyclone. The explosive will have a fuse to it which will be ignited automatically."

He further explained that the propelling instrument was so arranged that it always pointed at the cyclone. The ball was thrown after the wind had attained a certain velocity.

Mr. Betts has had a great deal of trouble in arranging this last detail. For he found that if he set it at too low a notch the machine would go off in a stiff breeze and,throw the rubber ball of dynamite over into a neighboring pasture or down into a cow lot, doing great and immediate damage to the cows without any material advantage. Then, again, if the machine were set too high, it would not get into active operation until after the entire family had crossed the Dark River and the cyclone was in the next county.

Mr. Betts says there is no question but that a dose of dynamite will knock any cyclone cold. The machines can be put on a high pole out of the reach of goats and children.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Terms That Really Mean the Same.

The English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a number of vessels, said, "See what a flock of ships." He was told that was a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was a flock, and, it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a drove, and a drove of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of warriors is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a pack, and a pack of swans is called a whiteness, and a whiteness of geese is called a gaggle, and a gaggle of brant is called a gang, and a gang of ducks is called a team.

A team of widgeon is called a company (or trip), and a company of teal is called a flock, and a flock of snipe is called a whisp, and a whisp of bitterns and herons is called a sedge, and a sedge of plovers is called a flock, and a flock of larks is called an exaltation, and an exaltation of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of soldiers is called a corps, and a corps of sailors is called a crew, and a crew of robbers is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.—Ashton (Eng.) Reporter.

She Was Heroic in Her Way.

A somewhat amusing incident occurred at an English provincial theater during a performance of "Called Back." Early in the evening an old lady took up her seat in the balcony and concentrated her attention on the play. When Antony received his coup de grace at the hands of Macari the lady became very excited and fainted. She was taken down to the vestibule, and on recovery it was suggested she should leave the theater. This, however, she declined to do, being anxious to witness, as she put it, "the beautiful play."

She accordingly returned to her seat, apparently well. The vision scene in Act I next proved too much for her, and again she fainted. Once more restoratives were applied, and she declared her intention of staying to the end. Nothing occurred in Act II to arouse her sympathies, but the Siberian scene in Act III, in which Dr. Ceneri shuffles off the mortal coil, again upset her neves, and once more she fainted. By this time the management had had enough of the thing, and the old lady was sent away in a cab to her residence, not far off.—Jester.

Shaving Is Dangerous.

We have often heard that shaving the face with a razor was a bad thing; that it injured the nerves and caused weak eyes; that it removed the natural covering from the throat and neck, and that altogether it was thoroughly physiological. A writer in The Medical Classics has been looking into this matter a little more closely. By the aid of a microscope applied to a closely shaven face he discovered that the skin resembles a piece of raw beef. The razor removes not only the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the naked eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth holds a drop of blood. The nerve lips are also uncovered and the pores are left unprotected, making the skin tender and unhealthy, and the person is liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throat.

Dining in Paris.

Ladies of the world in Paris have introduced a new fad, and this is to go and dine with their husbands and brothers at the Cercle de la Rue Royale. These dinners take place in private salons attached to the club, and are the most select and choice little feasts imaginable, the cooking being of the very best. The Marquis de Mornay gave one of these dinners to several of his friends. The table was decked under a canopy of tea roses, and the cloth was concealed by a field of Russian violets, which filled the room with their intoxicating perfume.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Voice

Is easily injured—the slightest irritation of the throat or larynx at once affecting its tone, flexibility, or power. All efforts to sing or speak in public, under such conditions, become not only painful but dangerous, and should be strictly avoided until every symptom is removed. To effect a speedy cure no other medicine is equal to

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Magical Effect

that I have suffered very little inconvenience. I have also used it in my family, with excellent results, in coughs, colds, &c."—Wm. H. Quartly, Minlaton, Australia.

"In the spring of 1853, at Portsmouth, Va., I was prostrated by a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia. My physicians exhausted their remedies, and for one year I was not able to even articulate a word. By the advice of Dr. Shaw I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and to my surprise and great joy, in less than one month I could converse easily, in a natural tone of voice. I continued to improve and have become since a well man. I have often recommended the Pectoral, and have never known it to fail."—George R. Lawrence, Valparaiso, Ind.

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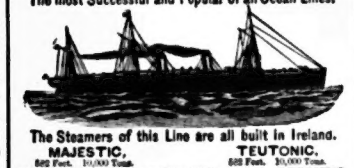

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 383 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J P Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R F, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sexsen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgobann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4493 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 25—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S, 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 341 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; R. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet drst Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Fullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., S Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. in Eigeeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., F. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2902 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 237 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jos. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3302 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John R. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J. P. Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 1455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V.-P., M. J. Sullivan; Rec. Sec., James Dolan, Box 387 Pullman; Fin. Sec., Peter Tully; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Downing, 156 N Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian-av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James C. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 2800 Lowe av; V.-P., J. J. Burke; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Brien, 3203 Butler st; Fin. Sec., Patrick Quinn; Treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st.; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st.; Fin. Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.
Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
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President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.

George Was in Hard Luck.

She was a bride. Her dress showed it and she was a pretty one too.

Her light silk dress fitted her perfectly, and her hat was the acme of good taste. She snuggled up to him in the seat.

"George, dear," whispered she, "now that we are married you won't object to auntie and sister and Cousin Flora and Brother Jack's family coming to see us once in a while, will you?"

"No, pet."

"And I may have seven of your eight dollars a week to shop with, mayn't I, George?"

"Yes, love."

"And you won't smoke cigarettes, George, dear, any more?"

"No, sweet."

"And you won't stay out later than 7 o'clock nights, will you, George?"

"No, dear."

"And we'll hire a flat and buy a lovely piano, won't we, George?"

"Yes."

And the solemn looking man in the forward seat muttered, "Poor George," and left the car.—Albany Argus.

A Culture Medium for Bacteria.

A new use has been found for the juice of the unripe cocoanut. This fluid, which to the uninitiated tastes singularly mawkish, is a most grateful and cooling drink to those suffering from fever. It is largely patronized, too, by sailors, who seem to acquire more than their wonted thirst while in tropical waters, and their favorite trick of "sucking the monkey," as the process of absorbing the liquid from a hole cut in one end of the shell into which a priming of rum has been poured is termed, has been from time immemorial one of their much cherished recreations as soon as they could escape from their ship.

The idea, however, of using the milk of the cocoanut as a culture medium for bacteria is a new one. In investigations which have been made in Cuba during the last two years this fluid was used very extensively, and it was found to be a great convenience to have a sterile culture fluid always at hand, ready for use at a moment's notice.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Appearances in Business.

"Always keep up a good front. If you are down in the world never show it by your appearance if you want to do business. It is an axiom of human nature that people prefer to do business with successful people, or those who have the appearance, rather than with those who are behindhand." The above remarks are from a Broadway manufacturer who has risen from poverty to affluence, and they are worth putting in one's memory.

Said he: "Not many years ago when I was flat broke not one of my customers ever knew it. I spent more money on them and generally gave out the idea of my success. Had I not done this, but appeared poor and shabby, I would have lost my trade. There is no knowing how far the appearance of prosperity goes. Magnificent offices, a busy place, the indication of wealth, all impress a man, and he prefers to do business with you if you have the semblance of success than with a seemingly poorer neighbor."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Baked Shavings for Dinner.

A young domestic who is employed in a Wilson avenue family takes all things literally. About dinner time she came to her mistress the other evening and said:

"Shall I put it into de ofen?"

"Put what into the oven?"

"De bundle vot de shdore man sends."

"I didn't order anything for dinner that needed to be cooked in the oven," said her mistress. "Bring it to me that I may see it."

Out went the domestic and returned with a paper bag, upon the outside of which was printed certain directions to place the contents in the oven and warm thoroughly before using. The bag contained a good sized handful of "excelsior," and had evidently been used for packing purposes and carelessly thrown into the basket by the grocer. The young lady apprehended that it was some rare new delicacy, and the only wonder is that she didn't serve baked shavings to the family for dinner.—Cleveland Leader.

Liberal Railroad Hands.

"I'll warrant you never saw a more liberal set of men than those employed on railroads when it comes to helping out a family in distress," remarked a man who knew what he was talking about. "Go where you will in a railroad office, shop or yard, with a subscription in aid of an injured fellow employe or the family of one deceased, and the men who refuse among hundreds to contribute are few and far between. You can gamble that they would also contribute except for necessities of their own. In comparison with their pay and risk they run railroad men are the most liberal of any class of men in the country, not even excepting our millionaires."—Buffalo Express.

Water Warmer Than the Air.

The reputation for hardihood which has been gained by the small party of bathers who do not allow the thickest ice to prevent them taking their morning dip has been cheaply earned, if we may trust a correspondent of the British Medical Journal, who writes: "It may be stated that the water itself in the spaces broken in the ice was found to have a temperature of 34 degs. F. That of the air on the banks was then about 26 degs. F. During the day it was tried, so that really the bathers were plunging into water warmer than the air."

She Saw It.

Alice—Have you ever noticed the ring in Harold's voice?

Gwendolin—Not particularly.

Alice—I have. Last night, for instance. He asked me to be his. There was a regular engagement ring in his voice.—Jeweler's Weekly.

What's in a Name?

Tillinghast—Young Hunker uses very incorrect language.

Winebiddle—Yes; he's a graduate of a grammar school.—Judge.

H.R.EAGLE

"FREE SUGARS,"

With Other Seasonable

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At Equally Low Prices, we will sell beginning

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21 Lbs Granulated Sugar for.....$1.00
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H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl....$5.68

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Diamond Medal Patent Flour, per brl.....$5.28
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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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